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SELECTION

OF

**HYMNS AND PSALMS**

FOR

**SOCIAL AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.**

*Jonathan Hale & Co. Boston*

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**ANDOVER :**

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## PREFACE.

1821

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IN the present collection, those pieces which are founded on passages of scripture, including therefore the versions from the Psalms, are intermingled with the rest of the volume. In thus doing, the example has been followed, of all recent compilers of any note; who have abandoned the practice as needless and unwise, of giving a distinct and entire classification of the Psalms of David. The judicious mind at once perceives how unnatural and absurd must be the attempt to transfer many of these compositions, strictly national, local or personal in their subject, to the condition and wants of *all* worshippers in *all* ages. The scripture references have been prefixed to most perhaps of the pieces spoken of above; but in many instances, also, it has unhappily been forgotten.

The arrangement which has been preferred as most simple and convenient, it will be seen, is that of four principal sections; with occasional pauses in the two latter, denoting the changes of topic. It has been an object of some solicitude to exhibit a variety in subject answering as far as may be, to that of our pulpit discussions, and to arrange this variety in its most natural order. It may be proper to say that the anonymous pieces are not original, but are thus given for the most part, from ignorance of their primitive source.



Many of the hymns and psalms in this collection have been altered in various ways to suit the purpose of former compilers ; to what extent is not always known. Some changes, though few of them very material, have been made in the present work. Of the lawfulness of this practice, much has been said, yet it cannot be here discussed at length. It will suffice to say that "it has become so common that nothing now remains but to give this notice, that no one may be misled."

It is hoped that devotion and taste will be found combined to a considerable extent in the present work; and the favour be secured in proportionate degree, of the serious and the refined. To such acceptance, there will be no check at least, it is thought, from the intrusion of a sectarian temper. Yet popularity is any where but of little account in the balance with truth ; and least of all in a work devoted to religion. To have preserved the simplicity without losing the spirit of the gospel, has been the compiler's object and hope ; and to render this offering to the cause of Christ, not unacceptable to his followers generally. With this persuasion, it is now commended to their candour, and to the blessing of Him "of whom and to whom and through whom are all things."

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# HYMNS AND PSALMS.

## § I. FOR THE INTRODUCTION OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

---

1. 7s. M. J. TAYLOR.

*Glory to the Most High God.*

- 1 GLORY be to God on high!  
God, whose glory fills the sky;  
Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,  
Man, the well-belov'd of heav'n:  
Glory be to God on high!  
God, whose glory fills the sky.
- 2 Favour'd mortals, raise the song;  
Endless thanks to God belong;  
Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,  
Join the hymns your voices raise.
- 3 Call the tribes of beings round,  
From Creation's utmost bound;  
Where the Godhead shines confess'd,  
There be solemn praise address'd.

- 4 Mark the wonders of his hand !  
Power, no empire can withstand ;  
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme ;  
Goodness, one eternal stream.
- 5 Happy, who his laws obey,  
Them he rules with milder sway :  
Pure and holy hearts alone  
He hath chosen for his own.
- 6 Awful being ! from thy throne  
Send thy promis'd blessings down ;  
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,  
Bid our raging passions cease.

## 2. L. M. WATTS.

*Ps. c. 1. 3—5.*

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy :  
Know that the Lord is God alone ;  
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His pow'rful word, which all things made,  
Gave life to clay, and form'd us men :  
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,  
Our reas'ning, and our sensual frame :  
What lasting honours can we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;  
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;

And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

- 5 Wide as the world is thy command ;  
Vast as eternity thy love ;  
Firm as a rock thy truth will stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

3. C. M. COTTON.

*A Lord's day hymn.*

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord of life  
Ascended to the skies ;  
My thoughts, pursue the lofty theme,  
And to the heav'n arise.
- 2 Let no vain cares divert my mind  
From this celestial road ;  
Nor all the honours of the earth  
Detain my soul from God.
- 3 Think of the splendours of that place,  
The joys that are on high ;  
Nor meanly rest contented here,  
With worlds beneath the sky.
- 4 Heav'n is the birth-place of the saints ;  
Thither at length, they tend ;  
Th' Almighty owns his fav'rite race,  
As Father and as Friend.
- 5 O may these lovely titles prove  
My comfort and defence,  
When the sick couch shall be my lot,  
And death shall call me hence.



## 4. L. M. WATTS.

*Public and social worship. Ps. 84.*

- 1 WHAT pleasure, Lord ! thy house attends  
When the whole heart to heav'n ascends ;  
One day thus spent with thee on earth,  
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 While we can have the meanest place  
Within thy house, O God of grace,  
We would not absent from thee live,  
For all a tempting world can give.
- 3 Happy the saints around thy throne,  
Who know thee, as themselves are known :  
Thy brightest glories shine above,  
And all their work is praise and love.
- 4 Happy the souls that find a place  
In earthly temples of thy grace :  
Here they behold thy gentler rays,  
Inquire thy will, and learn to praise.
- 5 Happy the men whose hearts are set  
To find the way to Zion's gate :  
God is their strength ; and thro' the road  
They lean upon their helper, God.
- 6 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,  
Till all shall meet in heav'n at length,  
Till all before thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there.

## 5. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Asking the way to Zion.*

- 1 ENQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way  
That leads to Zion's hill ;  
And thither set your steady face,  
With a determin'd will.
- 2 Invite the strangers all around,  
Your pious march to join ;  
And spread the sentiments you feel  
Of faith and love divine.
- 3 Come, let us to his temple haste,  
And seek his favour there ;  
Before his footstool humbly bow,  
And pour out fervent pray'r.
- 4 Come, let us join our souls to God,  
In everlasting bands :  
And seize the blessings he bestows  
With eager hearts and hands.
- 5 Come, let us seal, without delay,  
The cov'nant of his grace ;  
Nor shall the years of distant life  
Its memory efface.
- 6 Thus may our rising offspring haste  
To seek their fathers' God ;  
Nor e'er forsake the happy path,  
Their youthful feet have trod.

## 6. L. M. SALISBURY COL.

*The house of God.*

- 1 Lo, God is here ! let us adore,  
And humbly bow before his face :  
Let all within us feel his power,  
Let all within us seek his grace.
- 2 Lo, God is here ! him day and night  
Th' united choirs of angels sing :  
To him, enthron'd above all height,  
Heav'n's host their noblest homage bring.
- 3 Being of beings ! may our praise  
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill :  
Still may we stand before thy face,  
Still hear and do thy sov'reign will.
- 4 Sovereign of all, below, above !  
Man's noblest work is serving thee ;  
Thy spirit o'er our hearts shall move,  
And tune them to all harmony.

## 7. L. M. CAPPE'S SEL.

*The Christian sabbath.*

- 1 AGAIN our weekly labours end,  
And we religion's call attend :  
Improve, my soul, the sacred rest,  
And learn forever to be blest.
- 2 This day may our devotions rise  
To heav'n a grateful sacrifice ;  
May heav'n that peace divine bestow,  
Which none but they who feel it know !

- 3 This holy calm within the breast,  
Prepares for that eternal rest,  
Which for the sons of God remains,  
The end of cares, and toils, and pains.
- 4 In sacred duties, let the day,  
In sacred pleasures pass away :  
How sweet this day of rest to spend  
In hope of that which ne'er shall end !
- 5 Fruitful in grace and comfort too,  
To life's last period let us shew  
That none, who love thy house, will find  
A God unfaithful or unkind.

8. C. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

*The sabbath of the soul.*

- 1 O FATHER, tho' the anxious fear  
May cloud to-morrow's way ;  
Nor fear, nor doubt, shall enter here,  
All shall be thine to-day.
- 2 We will not bring divided hearts  
To worship at thy shrine ;  
But each unworthy thought departs,  
And leaves this temple thine.
- 3 Then sleep to-day, tormenting cares,  
Of earth and folly born !  
Ye shall not dim the light that streams  
From this celestial morn.
- 4 To-morrow will be time enough  
To feel your harsh control ;  
Ye shall not violate this day,  
The sabbath of the soul.

- 5 Sleep, sleep, forever, guilty thoughts !  
Let fires of vengeance die ;  
And, purg'd from sin, may we behold  
A God of purity !

9. L. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

*The sacrifice of the heart.*

- 1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,  
Man comes to meet his Maker, God,  
What rights, what honours shall he pay ?  
How spread his sov'reign's praise abroad ?
- 2 From marble domes and gilded spires  
Shall curling clouds of incense rise ?  
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck  
The costly pomp of sacrifice ?
- 3 Vain, sinful man ! creation's lord,  
Thy golden off'rings well may spare :  
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find,  
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.
- 4 O grant us in this awful hour  
From earth and sin's allurements free,  
To feel thy love, to own thy power,  
And raise each raptur'd thought to thee.

10. C. M. JERVIS.

*Homage and devotion.*

- 1 WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes  
To those bright realms above,  
That glorious temple in the skies  
Where dwells eternal love.

- 2 Before the awful throne we bow  
Of heaven's almighty King :  
Here we present the solemn vow,  
And hymns of praise we sing.
- 3 Thee we adore ; and, Lord ! to thee  
Our filial duty pay :  
Thy service, unconstrain'd and free,  
Conducts to endless day.
- 4 While in thy house of prayer we kneel  
With trust and holy fear,  
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,  
And lend a gracious ear.
- 5 With fervour teach our hearts to pray,  
And tune our lips to sing ;  
Nor from thy presence cast away  
The sacrifice we bring.

11. 7s. M. SALISBURY COL.

*Humble Adoration.*

- 1 GRACIOUS Father ! mighty Lord !  
Be thy glorious name ador'd ;  
Lord, thy mercies never fail ;  
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !
- 2 Tho' unworthy, Lord, thine ear,  
Our humble hallelujahs hear ;  
Purer praise we hope to bring,  
When around thy throne we sing.
- 3 While on earth ordain'd to stay,  
Guide our footsteps in thy way,  
Till we come to reign with thee,  
And all thy glorious greatness see.

- 4 Then with angels we'll again  
Wake a louder nobler strain,  
There in joyful songs of praise,  
We'll our grateful voices raise.
- 5 There no tongue shall silent be,  
All shall join in harmony ;  
That thro' heav'ns all spacious round  
Thy praise, O God, may ever sound.

12. 7s. M. MERRICK.

*A hymn of praise. Ps. 150.*

- 1 PRAISE, O praise the name divine,  
Praise him at the hallow'd shrine,  
Let the firmament on high  
To its Maker's praise reply.
- 2 Let his acts and power supreme  
To your songs suggest a theme ;  
Be the heart no longer mute,  
Sound the trumpet, touch the lute.
- 3 Let the organ in his praise,  
Learn its loudest note to raise,  
And the cymbal's varying sound  
From the vaulted roof rebound.
- 4 All who vital breath enjoy,  
In his praise that breath employ,  
And in one great chorus join,  
Praise, O praise the name divine.

13. C. M. WATTS.

*Sincere worship alone acceptable.*

- 1 O GOD ! thou spirit, just and wise,  
Who sees't our inmost mind

- In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,  
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before thy throne  
With honour can appear ;  
The formal hypocrites are known  
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eye salutes the skies,  
Their bended knees, the ground ;  
But God abhors the sacrifice,  
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord ! search my thoughts, and try my ways,  
And make my soul sincere ;  
Then may I stand before thy face,  
And find acceptance there.

## 14. L. M. DRYDEN.

- 1 OH ! source of uncreated light !  
By whom the worlds were rais'd from night ;  
Come, visit ev'ry pious mind ;  
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.
- 2 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,  
Rich in thy matchless energy :  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make us temples worthy thee.
- 3 Cleanse and refine our earthly parts,  
Inflame and sanctify our hearts,  
Our frailties help, our vice control,  
Submit the senses to the soul.
- 4 Thrice holy fount ! thrice holy fire !  
Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire ;



Make us eternal truths receive,  
Aid us to live as we believe.

- 5 Chase from our path each noxious foe,  
And peace, the fruit of love bestow ;  
And, lest our feet should step astray,  
Protect and guide us in our way.

15. 8 & 7s. M. J. TAYLOR.

*Surrounding the mercy seat.*

- 1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,  
Sordid hopes and fond desires,  
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,  
Ev'ry heart to heav'n aspires.  
From the Fount of glory beaming,  
Light celestial cheers our eyes ;  
Mercy from above proclaiming  
Peace and pardon from the skies.
- 2 Who may share this great salvation ?—  
Ev'ry pure and humble mind ;  
Ev'ry kindred, tongue and nation,  
From the dross of guilt refin'd :  
Blessings all around bestowing,  
God withholds his care from none ;  
Grace and mercy ever flowing  
From the fountain of his throne.
- 3 Ev'ry stain of guilt confessing,  
Deed unrighteous, thought of sin,  
Seize, O seize the proffer'd blessing,  
Grace from God and peace within.  
Lord ! with favour still attend us,  
Bless us with thy wondrous love ;  
Thou, our sun and shield, defend us :  
All our hope is from above.

## 16. 7s. M. J. TAYLOR.

*Engagedness in devotion.*

- 1 LORD, before thy presence come,  
Bow we down with holy fear ;  
Call our erring footsteps home,  
Let us feel that thou art near.
- 2 Wand'ring thoughts and languid pow'rs,  
Come not where devotion kneels ;  
Let the soul expand her stores,  
Glowing with the joy she feels.
- 3 At the portals of thine house,  
We resign our earth-born cares :  
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,  
Songs of praise and fervent prayers.
- 4 Hapless men, whose footsteps stray  
From the temples of the Lord !  
Teach them wisdom's heav'nly way ;  
To their feet thy light afford.
- 5 Now begin the glorious song,  
Theme of wonder, love and joy ;  
Angels ! the glad notes prolong ;  
Seraphs ! 'tis your blest employ.

## 17. L. M. WATTS.

*God's presence in his church.*

- 1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find  
An habitation for the Lord ?  
For the supreme, eternal mind,  
What dwelling can the earth afford ?

- 2 The God of Jacob chose the hill  
Of Sion for his ancient rest :  
His church is his bright dwelling still,  
And with his special presence blest.
- 3 We love thy habitation, Lord,  
Where peace, and truth, and mercy dwell ;  
There shall we hear thy holy word,  
And all thy works of wonder tell.
- 4 Here, mighty God ! accept our vows,  
Here let thy praise and love be spread :  
Bless the provisions of thy house,  
And fill thy suppliant poor with bread.
- 5 Here let the son of David reign ;  
God's own anointed teacher shine ;  
Justice and truth his court maintain,  
With love and majesty divine.

18. S. M. MISS E. TAYLOR.

*The universal duty of public worship.*

- 1 Come to the house of Prayer,  
" O thou afflicted, come ;  
The God of peace shall meet thee there,  
He makes that house his home.
- 2 Come to the house of Praise,  
Ye who are happy now ;  
In sweet accord your voices raise,  
In kindred homage bow.
- 3 Ye aged, hither come,  
For ye have felt his love ;  
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,  
Your lips forget to move.

- 4 Ye young, before his throne,  
Come, bow ; your voices raise ;  
What ! shall your hearts his praise disown  
Who gives the power to praise ?
- 5 Thou, whose benignant eye  
In mercy looks on all,  
And sees the tear of misery,  
And hears the mourner's call.
- 6 Up to thy dwelling place  
Bear our frail spirits on,  
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,  
And heav'n on earth be won.

19. H. M. WATTS.

*Delight in public worship. Ps. 84.*

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair,  
The dwellings of thy love,  
To pious spirits are !  
To thine abode  
Their hearts aspire,  
With warm desire  
To see their God.
- 2 O happy souls that pray  
Where God appoints to hear !  
O happy men that pay  
Their constant service there !  
How sweet must be  
Their prayer and praise  
Whose heart and ways  
Are right with thee.

- 3 They go from strength to strength,  
Through this dark vale of tears,  
Till each arrives at length,  
Till each in heav'n appears :  
    O glorious seat,  
    When God our King  
    Shall thither bring  
    Our willing feet !
- 4 God is our sun and shield,  
Our light and our defence ;  
His hands our blessings yield,  
And amply do they flow :  
    He shall bestow  
    On Jacob's race  
    Peculiar grace,  
    And glory too.
- 5 The righteous he approves,  
And hears them when they cry ;  
And will to those he loves  
No real good deny :  
    Thrice happy he,  
    O God of hosts !  
    Whose spirit trusts  
    Alone in thee.

20. C. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

*The Lord's day morning.*

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light  
Awakes the kindling ray ;  
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,  
And pours increasing day.

- 2 O what a night was that which wrapt  
The heathen world in gloom !  
O what a sun which broke, this day,  
Triumphant from the tomb !
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,  
And loud hosannas sung ;  
Let gladness dwell in every heart,  
And praise on every tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand diff'ring lips shall join  
To hail this welcome morn ;  
Which scatters blessings from its wings  
To nations yet unborn.
- 5 Jesus, the friend of human kind,  
Was crucified and slain !—  
Behold, the tomb its prey restores !  
Behold, he lives again !
- 6 And while his conqu'ring chariot wheels  
Ascend the lofty skies,  
Broken beneath his powerful cross,  
Death's iron sceptre lies.

21. L. M. WATTS.

*Jews and Gentiles united in the Christian church.*

- 1 God in his earthly temples lays  
Foundations for his heav'nly praise :  
He loves the tents of Jacob well,  
But more in Sion loves to dwell.
- 2 His mercy visits ev'ry house  
That pay their night and morning vows ;  
But makes a more delightful stay  
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

- 3 What glories were describ'd of old !  
What wonders are of Sion told !  
Thou city of our God below,  
Thy fame shall all the nations know.
- 4 Barbarian, Scythian, Greek, and Jew,  
Shall there begin their lives anew :  
Angels and men shall join to sing  
The source whence living waters spring.
- 5 When God makes up his last account  
Of natives in his holy mount,  
'Twill be an honour to appear  
As one new-born or nourish'd there.

22. L. M. WATTS.

*God exalted above all praise.*

1. ETERNAL Pow'r ! whose high abode  
Becomes the majesty of God ;  
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds  
Where stars revolve their little rounds !
- 2 Far in the depths of space, thy throne  
Burns with a lustre all its own :  
There is thy face unveil'd ; and there  
The glories of the God appear.
- 3 What then shall feeble mortals do ?  
Yet we would aim at praises too ;  
And while they from the heart proceed,  
We'll trust the grace that angels need.
- 4 Something we learn from nature's frame :  
Thy word has more reveal'd thy name :  
Yet still thy greatness, Lord, we find,  
Leaves all our soaring thoughts behind.

- 5 God is in heav'n, and man below :  
Short be our tunes, our words be few :  
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,  
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

23. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God.*

Heb. iv. 9.

- 1 Lord of the sabbath ! hear our vows,  
On this thy day, in this thine house ;  
And own, as grateful sacrifice,  
The songs which from thy churches rise.
- 2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord ! we love ;  
But there's a nobler rest above ;  
Thy servants to that rest aspire,  
With ardent hope, and strong desire.
- 3 There languor shall no more oppress ;  
The heart shall feel no more distress ;  
No groans shall mingle with the songs,  
That dwell upon immortal tongues.
- 4 No gloomy cares shall there annoy ;  
No conscious guilt disturb our joy ;  
But ev'ry doubt and fear shall cease,  
And perfect love give perfect peace.
- 5 When shall that glorious day begin,  
Beyond the reach of death or sin ;  
Whose sun shall never more decline,  
But with unfading lustre shine !
- •



## § II. OF GENERAL PRAYER AND PRAISE.

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24. P. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Hymn of praise.*

- 1 O PRAISE ye the Lord ! prepare a new song ;  
And let all his saints in full concert join :  
With voices united the anthem prolong,  
And show forth his praises with music divine.
- 2 Let praise to the Lord, who made us, ascend ;  
Let each grateful heart be glad in its king :  
The God whom we worship our songs will  
attend,  
And view with complacence, the off'ring we  
bring.
- 3 Be joyful, ye saints, sustain'd by his might,  
And let your glad songs awake with each  
morn :  
For those who obey him are still his delight,  
His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.
- 4 Then praise ye the Lord ! prepare a glad  
song ;  
And let all his saints in full concert join :  
With voices united the anthem prolong,  
And show forth his praises with music divine.

## 25. L. M. DYER.

*Hymn to the Deity.*

- 1 GREATEST of beings, source of life,  
Sov'reign of air, and earth, and sea!  
All nature feels thy pow'r, and all  
A silent homage pay to thee.
- 2 Wak'd by thy hand, the morning sun  
Pours forth to thee its earlier rays,  
And spreads thy glories as it climbs;  
While raptur'd worlds look up and praise.
- 3 The moon to the deep shades of night  
Speaks the mild lustre of thy name;  
While all the stars that cheer the scene  
Thee, the great Lord of light, proclaim.
- 4 And groves, and vales, and rocks, and hills,  
And ev'ry flower, and every tree,  
Ten thousand creatures, warm with life,  
Have each a grateful song for thee.
- 5 But man was form'd to rise to heav'n:  
And, blest with reason's clearer light,  
He views his maker thro' his works,  
And glows with rapture at the sight.
- 6 Nor can the thousand songs that rise,  
Whether from air, or earth, or sea,  
So well repeat Jehovah's praise,  
Or raise such sacred harmony.

## 26. L. M. DYER.

*The same subject.*

- 1 GREATEST of beings, source of life,  
Sov'reign of air, of earth, and sea!

- All nature feels thy pow'r ; but man  
A grateful tribute pays to thee.
- 2 Subject to wants, to thee he looks,  
And from thy goodness seeks supplies :  
And when oppress'd with guilt he mourns,  
Thy mercy lifts him to the skies.
- 3 Children, whose little minds, unform'd,  
Ne'er rais'd a tender thought to heav'n ;  
And men, whom reason lifts to God,  
Thou oft by passion downward driv'n :
- 4 Those too, who bend with age and care,  
And faint and tremble near the tomb ;  
Who, sick'ning at the present scenes,  
Sigh for that better state to come :—
- 5 All, great Creator ! all are thine ;  
All feel thy providential care ;  
And thro' each varying scene of life  
Alike thy constant pity share.
- 6 And whether grief oppress the heart,  
Or whether joy elate the breast ;  
Or life still keep its little course,  
Or death invite the heart to rest :
- 7 All are thy messengers, and all  
Thy sacred pleasure, Lord, obey :  
And all are training man to dwell  
Nearer to bliss, and nearer thee.

27. H. M. MRS. STEELE.

*Grateful praise.*

- 1 To your creator God,  
Your great preserver, raise,

Ye creatures of his hand,  
Your highest notes of praise :  
Let every voice  
Proclaim his pow'r,  
His name adore,  
And loud rejoice.

2 Thou source of light and heat,  
Bright sov'reign of the day,  
• Dispensing blessings round,  
• With all-diffusive ray ;  
From morn to night,  
With ev'ry beam,  
Record his name,  
Who made thee bright.

3 Fair regent of the night,  
With all thy starry train,  
Which rise in silent hosts,  
To gild the azure plain ;  
With countless rays  
Declare his name,  
Prolong the theme,  
Reflect his praise.

4 Let all the creatures join,  
To celebrate his name,  
And all their various powers  
Assist th' exalted theme.  
Let nature raise  
From every tongue  
A general song  
Of grateful praise.

5 But oh ! from human tongues  
Should nobler praises flow ;

And every thankful heart,  
With warm devotion glow :  
Your voices raise,  
Ye highly blest ;  
Above the rest,  
Declare his praise.

28. L. M. WATTS.

*Providence and Grace.*

- 1 High in the heavens, eternal God,  
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;  
Thy truth shall break through ev'ry cloud  
Which veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 Thy justice like the hills remains,  
Unfathom'd depths thy mercies are ;  
Thy providence the world sustains ;  
All that thou'st form'd, are still thy care.
- 3 Since of thy goodness all partake,  
With what assurance may the just  
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,  
And saints to thy protection trust.
- 4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,  
To banquet on thy love's repast,  
And drink, as from the fountain head,  
Of joys which shall forever last.
- 5 O let thy saints thy favour gain,  
To upright hearts thy truth display,  
With whom the springs of life remain,  
Whose presence is eternal day.

## 29. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

*Providence acknowledged.*

- 1 O God! while nature speaks thy praise  
With all her num'rous tongues;  
Thy saints shall tune diviner lays,  
And love inspire their songs.
- 2 Thy vast dominion ever stands,  
While earthly thrones decay;  
And time submits to thy commands,  
While ages roll away.
- 3 To thee, for each day's needful meat,  
Thy creatures lift their eyes;  
On thee, their common Father wait,  
From thee receive supplies.
- 4 Thy sov'reign bounty freely gives  
Its unexhausted store,  
And universal nature lives  
On thy sustaining power.
- 5 Wisdom, and might, and goodness, Lord!  
Which through thy works appear,  
Should chiefly, grateful man record,  
Man, thy distinguish'd care.
- 6 From thee the breath of life he drew;  
That breath thy pow'r maintains;  
Thy tender mercy, ever new,  
His brittle frame sustains.
- 7 Yet nobler favours claim his praise,  
Of reason's light possest;  
By revelation's brighter rays  
Still more divinely blest.

- 8 Thy praises then, delightful theme !  
Shall fill my heart and tongue ;  
Let all creation bless thy name,  
In one eternal song.

30. C. M. LIVERPOOL OLD COL.

*The God of nature invoked.*

- 1 HAIL, King supreme, all wise and good !  
To thee our thoughts we raise ;  
While nature's beauties wide display'd  
Inspire our souls with praise.
- 2 At morning, noon, and ev'ning mild,  
Thy works engage our view ;  
And while we gaze, our hearts exult,  
With transports ever new.
- 3 Thy glory beams in ev'ry star  
Which gilds the gloom of night :  
And decks the rising face of morn  
With rays of cheerful light.
- 4 The sunny hill, the dewy lawn,  
With countless beauties shine :  
The silent grove, and awful shade,  
Proclaim thy pow'r divine.
- 5 From tree to tree, a constant hymn  
Employs the feather'd throng ;  
To thee their cheerful notes they swell,  
And chant their thankful song.
- 6 Great nature's God ! still may these scenes  
Our serious hours engage ;  
Still may our grateful hearts consult  
Thy works' instructive page.

## 31. C. M. LIVERPOOL OLD COL.

*Devout contemplation of creation.*

- 1 Look round, O man ! survey this globe ;  
    Speak of creating pow'r ;  
    See nature gives a different robe  
    To ev'ry herb and flow'r.
- 2 See various beings fill the air,  
    And people earth and sea ;  
    What grateful changes from the year !  
    How constant night and day !
- 3 Next raise thine eye ; th' expanse above  
    A pow'r unbounded shows ;  
    See round the sun the planets move,  
    And various worlds compose.
- 4 Then turn unto thyself, O man !  
    With wonder view thy soul ;  
    Confess his pow'r who laid each plan,  
    And still directs the whole.
- 5 And let obedience to his laws  
    Thy gratitude proclaim,  
    To Him, the first Almighty Cause,  
    JEHOVAH is his name.

## 32. L. M. W. TAYLOR.

- 1 God of the universe, whose hand  
    Hath fill'd with suns the field of space,  
    Round which, obeying thy command,  
    The peopled worlds fulfil their race.
- 2 How vast the region, where thy hand  
    Existence, form, and order gives ;



Pleas'd the wide cup with joy to fill  
For all that grows, and feels, and lives:

- 3 Lord, while we thank thee, let us learn  
Beneficence to all below ;  
Those praise thee best, whose bosoms burn  
To spread the gifts from thee that flow.
- 4 So at the awful hour of change  
Our frames the bonds of death shall tear,  
Thro' the whole starry vast to range,  
Thy bounty to admire and share.

33. L. M. ROBCO.

- 1 LET one loud song of praise arise  
To God whose goodness ceaseless flows ;  
Who dwells enthron'd beyond the skies,  
And life and breath on all bestows.
- 2 Let all of good this bosom fires,  
To him, sole good, give praises due ;  
Let all the truth himself inspires  
Unite to sing him only true.
- 3 In ardent adoration join'd,  
Obedient to thy holy will,  
Let all my faculties combin'd,  
Thy just commands, O God, fulfil.
- 4 And may my song with solemn sound  
Like incense rise before thy throne,  
Where thou, whose glory knows no bound,  
Great cause of all things dwell'st alone.

## 34. 8 &amp; 6s. M. MERRICK.

*Good men invited to praise God.*

- 1 CREATION'S GOD ! on him alone,  
His footstool earth, high heav'n his throne,  
Be all its praise bestow'd :  
Whose hand the beauteous fabric made,  
Whose eye the finish'd work survey'd,  
And saw that all was good.
- 2 Ye sons of men ! his praise display,  
Who stamp'd his image on your clay,  
And gave it pow'r to move :  
Where'er ye go, where'er ye dwell,  
From age to age successive tell  
The wonders of his love.
- 3 Ye spirits of the just and good !  
Who, panting for that blest abode,  
To heavenly mansions soar :  
O let your songs his praise display,  
Till nature's self shall waste away,  
And time shall be no more.
- 4 Praise him, ye meek and humble train !  
Who shall those heav'nly joys obtain,  
Prepar'd for souls sincere :  
O praise him till you take your way  
To regions of eternal day,  
To reign forever there.

## 35. C. M. JERVIS.

*Praise the peculiar duty of man.*

- 1 LORD of the world's majestic frame !  
Stupendous are thy ways ;

- Thy various works declare thy name,  
And all resound thy praise.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,  
Whose motions speak thy skill;  
And on the wings of ev'ry hour,  
We read thy glory still.
- 3 And while these radiant globes of light,  
That shine from pole to pole,  
In silent harmony unite  
To praise thee as they roll;
- 4 Oh! shall not we of human race,  
The glorious concert join?  
Shall not the children of thy grace  
Attempt the theme divine?
- 5 Not all the feeble notes of time  
Can show forth God's high praise;  
Nor all the noblest strains sublime  
That earth or heav'n can raise.
- 6 Yet this shall be our best employ,  
'Thro' life's uncertain days:  
And in the realms of boundless joy,  
Eternal be thy praise.

36. L. M. WILLIAMS'S COL.

*Universal praise.*

CELESTIAL worlds! your Maker's name  
Resound through ev'ry shining coast:  
Our God a nobler praise will claim,  
Where he unfolds his glories most.

- 2 Stupendous globe of flaming day !  
Praise him in thy sublime career ;  
He struck from night thy peerless ray,  
Gave thee thy path, and guides thee there.
- 3 Ye starry lamps, to whom 'tis giv'n  
Night's sable horrors to illume,  
Praise him who hung you high in heav'n,  
With vivid fires to gild the gloom.
- 4 Lightnings, that round th' Eternal play !  
Thunders, that from his arm are hurl'd !  
The grandeur of your God convey,  
Blazing, or bursting on the world.
- 5 From clime to clime, from shore to shore,  
Be the almighty God ador'd :  
He made the nations by his pow'r,  
And rules them with his sov'reign word.
- 6 At once let nature's ample round  
To God the vast thanksgiving raise :  
His high perfection knows no bound,  
But fills the immensity of space.

37. 8 & 6s. M. OGILVIE.

*Hymn of universal praise.*

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, to God the lay !  
Let ev'ry creature homage pay,  
And praise th' almighty name !  
Let heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,  
In one harmonious concert rise,  
To swell th' inspiring theme !
- 2 Ye angels, catch the joyful sound,  
And, as ye wait his throne around,

His wond'rous goodness sing !  
Let the full choir of saints above  
Join the glad strain of grateful love,  
And strike th' according string :

- 3 Ye plumed warblers of the sky,  
Who, heav'nward singing, soar on high,  
Melodious anthems raise !  
To him who shap'd your finer mould,  
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,  
And tun'd your voice to praise !
- 4 Ye deeps, whose roaring billows rise  
To join the thunders of the skies,  
Praise him who bids you roll ;  
His praise in softer notes declare,  
Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,  
And breathe it to the soul.
- 5 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,  
Ye clouds, proclaim your maker, God !  
Ye thunders speak his pow'r !  
Lo ! on the lightning's gleamy wing  
In triumph rides th' eternal king ;  
'Th' astonish'd worlds adore.
- 6 Let man, with nobler reason fraught,  
The feeling heart, the glowing thought,  
In God's high praise employ !  
Spread the Creator's name around,  
Till heaven's extended arch rebound  
The general burst of joy !

## 38. L. M. ENFIELD.

*Praise to the Lord of nature.*

- 1 O THOU, through all thy works ador'd,  
Great pow'r supreme, almighty Lord !  
Author of life, whose sov'reign sway  
Creatures of ev'ry tribe obey !
- 2 To thee, most high, to thee belong  
The suppliant pray'r, the joyful song ;  
To thee will we attune our voice,  
And in thy wond'rous works rejoice.
- 3 Planets, thou wand'ring worlds above,  
Guided by thee, incessant move ;  
Suns, kindled by a ray divine,  
In honour of their maker shine.
- 4 From thee proceed heav'n's varied store,  
The changing wind, the fruitful show'r,  
The flying cloud, the colour'd bow,  
The moulded hail, the feather'd snow :
- 5 Tempests obey the mighty will ;  
Thine awful mandate to fulfil,  
The forked lightnings dart around,  
And rive the oak, and blast the ground.
- 6 Yet, pleas'd to bless, kind to supply,  
Thy hand supports thy family,  
And fosters, with a parent's care,  
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air.
- 7 Of nature's laws, and nature's king  
Our tongues shall never cease to sing :  
The debt of humble praise we pay ;  
Father, accept the grateful lay !

## 39. L. H. MERRICK.

*Divine majesty and goodness in the terrible appearances of nature.*

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, to hymns of praise,  
To God the song of triumph raise ;  
Adorn'd with majesty divine,  
What pomp, what glory, Lord, are thine !
- 2 Light forms his robe, and round his head  
The heavens their ample curtain spread ;  
See on the wind's expanded wings  
The chariot of the King of kings !
- 3 Around him rang'd in awful state,  
Dark silent storms attentive wait ;  
And thunders, ready to fulfil  
The mandates of his sov'reign will.
- 4 From earth's low margin to the skies  
He bids the dusky vapours rise ;  
Then from his magazines on high,  
Commands th' imprison'd winds to fly.
- 5 The lightning's pallid sheet expands,  
And showers descend on furrow'd lands ;  
While down the mountain's channel's side  
The torrent rolls in swelling pride ;
- 6 Till spent its wild impetuous force,  
And settled in its destin'd course,  
It waters all the fruitful plains,  
And life in various forms sustains.
- 7 Thus clouds, and storms, and fires obey  
Thy wise and all-controlling sway ;

And while thy terrors round us stand,  
We see a father's bounteous hand.

40. C. M. NEEDHAM.

*The seasons ordained by God.*

- 1 THE rolling year, Almighty Lord !  
Obeys thy pow'rful nod ;  
Each season, as it silent moves,  
Declares the present God.
- 2 Wak'd by thy voice, out steps the spring,  
In living green new drest ;  
On hills, in vales, thro' fields and groves,  
Thy beauties stand confest.
- 3 The sun calls forth the summer months,  
Nor do the hours delay ;  
The fruits with varied colours glow  
Beneath his rip'ning ray.
- 4 Thy bounty, Lord ! in autumn shines,  
And spreads a common feast ;  
He that regards his fav'rite, man,  
Will not neglect the beast.
- 5 When winter rears her hoary head,  
And shows her furrow'd brow,  
In storms and tempests, frosts and snows ;  
How awful, Lord, art thou !
- 6 The rolling year, Almighty Lord !  
Obeys thy pow'rful nod ;  
Each season, as it silent moves,  
Declares the present God.



## 41. P. M. J. TAYLOR.

*Thanksgiving for fruitful seasons.*

- 1 REJOICE ! the Lord is king !  
Your Lord and King adore ;  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore :  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.
- 2 His wintry north winds blow,  
Loud tempests rush amain ;  
Yet his thick flakes of snow  
Defend the infant grain :  
Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 3 He wakes the genial spring,  
Perfumes the balmy air ;  
The vales their tribute bring,  
The promise of the year :  
Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 4 High from th' etherial plain  
Bright suns their influence fling ;  
He gives the welcome rain,  
That makes the valleys sing :  
Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 5 He leads the circling year,  
His flocks the hills adorn ;  
He fills the golden ear,  
And loads the fields with corn :  
O happy mortals, raise your voice, &c.
- 6 Lead on your fleeting train,  
Ye years, ye months and days !

O bring th' eternal reign  
O love, and joy, and praise :  
Lift up your hearts, &c.

42. 7s. M. MILTON.

*The perfections and providence of God.*

- 1 LET us with a joyful mind,  
Praise the Lord, for he is kind :  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Let us sound his name abroad,  
For of gods he is the God,  
Who by wisdom did create  
Heav'n's expanse, and all its state,
- 3 Did the solid earth ordain  
How to rise above the main :  
Who, by his commanding might,  
Fill'd the new-made world with light :
- 4 Caus'd the golden-tressed sun,  
All the day his course to run ;  
And the moon to shine by night,  
'Mid her spangl'd sisters bright.
- 5 All his creatures God does feed,  
His full hand supplies their need :  
Let us therefore warble forth  
His high majesty and worth.
- 6 He his mansion hath on high,  
'Bove the reach of mortal eye :  
And his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

## 43. 7s. M. SANDYS.

*The harmony of praise.*

- 1 THOU who sitt'st enthron'd above !  
Thou, in whom we live and move !  
Thou, who art most great, most high !  
God, from all eternity !
- 2 O, how sweet, how excellent,  
'Tis when tongue and-heart consent ;  
Grateful hearts, and joyful tongues,  
Hymning thee in tuneful songs !
- 3 When the morning paints the skies,  
When the stars of evening rise,  
We thy praises will record,  
Sov'reign Ruler ! mighty LORD !
- 4 Decks the spring with flow'rs the field ?  
Harvest rich doth autumn yield ?  
Giver of all good below !  
LORD, from thee these blessings flow.
- 5 Sov'reign Ruler ! mighty LORD !  
We thy praises will record :  
Giver of these blessings ! we  
Pour the grateful song to thee.

## 44. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The peculiar goodness of God to his people.*

- 1 WITH pleasing wonder, Lord ! 'we view  
The bounties of thy grace ;  
How much bestow'd, how much reserv'd  
For those that seek thy face.

- 2 Thy lib'ral hand with worldly bliss  
Oft makes their cup run o'er ;  
And in the cov'nant of thy love  
They find diviner store.
- 3 Here mercy hides their num'rous sins,  
Here grace their souls renews ;  
Here hope, and love, and joy, and peace  
Their heav'nly beams diffuse.
- 4 But O ! what treasures yet unknown  
Are lodg'd in worlds to come !  
If these th' enjoyments of the way,  
How happy is their home !
- 5 God to eternal glory calls,  
And leads the wond'rous way  
To his own palace, where he reigns  
In uncreated day—
- 6 Thus love thro' all our being flows,  
An unexhausted stream ;  
And shall on Zion's sacred mount  
Still be my ceaseless theme.

45. S. M. WATTS.

*Praise for spiritual and temporal blessings.*

Ps. ciii. 1—7.

- 1 Give thanks to God, my soul !  
Let all within me join,  
And aid my tongue to bless his name,  
Whose favours are divine.
- 2 Give thanks to God, my soul !  
Nor let his mercies lie

Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
And without praises die.

- 3 'Tis he forgives my sins,  
'Tis he relieves my pain ;  
Tis he that heals my sicknesses,  
And gives me strength again.
- 4 He crowns my life with love,  
When rescued from the grave ;  
He that redeem'd my soul from death,  
Hath boundless power to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good ;  
He gives the suff'rer rest ;  
The Lord hath justice for the proud,  
And mercy for th' opprest.
- 6 His wondrous works and ways  
He made by Moses known ;  
But sent the world his truth and grace  
By his beloved Son.

46. L. M. WATTS.

*Blessings of providence and redemption.*

- 1 ADORE, my soul ! the living God,  
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad ;  
Let all the pow'rs within me join  
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul ! the God of grace ;  
His favours claim thy highest praise :  
Let not the wonders he hath wrought,  
Be lost in silence and forgot.
- 3 He fills our longing souls with good,  
Substantial bliss ! immortal food !

Youth smiles renew'd in active prime,  
And triumphs o'er the pow'r of time.

- 4 The vices of the mind he heals,  
And soothes the pains which nature feels :  
Redeems our souls from death, and saves  
Our wasting lives from threat'ning graves.
- 5 The weak by lawless pow'r oppress,  
He sees, and often gives them rest ;  
But will his justice more display  
In the last great rewarding day.
- 6 His pow'r he show'd by Moses' hands,  
And gave to Isr'el his commands ;  
But made his truth and mercy known  
To all the nations by his Son.
- 7 Let the whole earth his pow'r confess ;  
Let the whole earth adore his grace ;  
The Gentile with the Jew shall join  
In work and worship so divine.

47. L. M. MRS. CARTER.

*Thanks to God for creation and preservation.*

- 1 Thou pow'r, by whose command we live :  
The tribute of our praise receive :  
We to thy love our being owe,  
And all the joys that from it flow.
- 2 Not many suns have form'd the year,  
And roll'd their courses round this sphere,  
Since thy kind eye our form-survey'd,  
Midst shapeless heaps of matter laid.

- 3 Thy skill our native clay refin'd,  
Its particles in order join'd;  
With symmetry compos'd the whole,  
And stamp'd thine image on the soul;
- 4 A frame susceptible of joy,  
Which force nor time shall ne'er destroy;  
Which shall, tho' nature claim our breath,  
Yet triumph o'er the sleep of death.
- 5 To realms of bliss that frame will soar,  
When earth and skies shall be no more:  
O God! in vain our voice essays  
For this best gift to speak thy praise.
- 6 How shall our hearts their sense reveal,  
Where all the pow'r of words must fail?  
O may it in our lives appear,  
And each act speak our thanks sincere!

48. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

*Praise to God in life and death.*

- 1 My soul shall praise thee, O my God!  
Through all my mortal days;  
And to eternity prolong  
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 In each bright hour of peace and hope,  
Be this my sweet employ:  
Devotion heightens all my bliss,  
And sanctifies my joy.
- 3 In all thy mercies may my soul  
A father's bounty see;  
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows,  
Estrange my heart from thee.

- 4 When gloomy care, or keen distress,  
Invades my throbbing breast,  
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,  
And sooth my pains to rest.
- 5 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim  
The honours of my God ;  
My life, with all my active pow'rs,  
Shall spread thy praise abroad.
- 6 Thro' ev'ry changing stage of life,  
Each bright, each clouded scene ;  
Give me a meek and humble mind,  
Still equal and serene.
- 7 And tho' these lips shall cease to move,  
Though death shall close these eyes,  
Yet shall my soul to nobler heights  
Of joy and transport rise.
- 8 Then shall my pow'rs in endless strains  
Their grateful tribute pay :  
The theme demands an angel's tongue,  
And an eternal day.

49. S. M. MRS. STEELE.

*Obligation to gratitude and praise.*

- 1 My Father and my King !  
To thee my all I owe :  
Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring,  
From whence my blessings flow.
- 2 Thou ever good and kind !  
A thousand reasons move,  
A thousand obligations bind  
My heart to grateful love.



- 3 The creature of thy hand,  
On thee alone I live :  
My God ! thy benefits demand  
More praise than life can give.
- 4 O what can I impart,  
When all was thine before ?  
Thy love demands a thankful heart ;  
The gift, alas ! how poor !
- 5 Shall I withhold thy due ?  
And shall my passions rove ?  
Lord ! make me to thy service true,  
And fill me with thy love.
- 6 O let thy grace inspire  
My soul with strength divine ;  
Let all my pow'rs to thee aspire,  
And all my days be thine.

50. L. M. MERRICK.

*God, preserver, benefactor, and Saviour.*

- 1 How well our great Preserver knows  
To weigh, and to relieve our woes !  
Behold his wrath's avenging blast,  
How slow to rise, how soon o'erpast !
- 2 How prompt his favour to dispense  
Its life-imparting influence !  
How speedy his paternal love  
Our deep afflictions to remove !
- 3 Grief for a night, obtrusive guest !  
Beneath our roof perchance may rest ;  
But joy, with the returning day,  
Shall wipe each transient tear away.

- 4 Since thou wilt hearken to my prayer,  
Again the face of joy I wear :  
Thy strength my fainting spirit cheers,  
And checks my griefs, and calms my fears.
- 5 With what delight, great God, I trace  
The acts of thy stupendous grace !  
To count them, were to count the sand  
That lies upon the sea-beat strand.

51. C. M. ADDISON.

*Gratitude to God.*

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God !  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
And all my wants redress'd,  
When in the silent womb I lay,  
Or hung upon the breast.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt  
To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 5 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to man.

- 6 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,  
It gently clear'd my way ;  
And through the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be fear'd than they.
- 7 When nature fails, and day and night  
Divide thy works no more ;  
My ever grateful heart, O Lord !  
Thy mercy shall adore.

52. C. M. ADDISON.

*The same subject.*

- 1 O how shall words, with equal warmth,  
The gratitude declare,  
That glows in my enraptur'd heart !—  
But thou canst read it there.
- 2 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss  
Hath made my cup run o'er ;  
And, in a kind and faithful friend,  
Hath doubled all my store.
- 3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
Which tastes those gifts with joy.
- 4 When worn by sickness, oft hast thou  
With health renew'd my face ;  
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 5 Through ev'ry period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
And after death, in unknown worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.

- 6 Through all eternity to thee  
 A joyful song I'll raise—  
 For oh ! eternity alone  
 Can utter all thy praise.

53. P. M. PARK.

*Thanksgiving and praise.*

- 1 My soul, praise the Lord,  
 Speak good of his name !  
 His mercies record,  
 His bounties proclaim :  
 To God, their creator,  
 Let all creatures raise  
 The song of thanksgiving,  
 The chorus of praise !
- 2 Though, hid from man's sight,  
 God sits on his throne,  
 Yet here by his works  
 Their author is known :  
 The world shines a mirror  
 Its maker to show,  
 And heav'n views its image  
 Reflected below.
- 3 Those agents of pow'r,  
 Fire, water, earth, sky,  
 Attest the dread might  
 Of God the most high :  
 Who rides on the whirlwind  
 While clouds veil his form ;  
 Who smiles in the sunbeam,  
 Or frowns in the storm.

4 By knowledge supreme,  
 By wisdom divine,  
 God governs this earth  
 With gracious design :  
 O'er beast, bird, and insect,  
 His providence reigns,  
 Whose will first created,  
 Whose love still sustains.

5 And man, his last work,  
 With reason endu'd,  
 Who, falling through sin,  
 By grace is renew'd ;  
 To God, his creator,  
 Let man ever raise  
 The song of thanksgiving,  
 The chorus of praise !

54. L. M. WATTS.

*God ever to be praised.*

- 1 My God ! my King ! thy various praise  
 Shall fill the remnant of my days ;  
 Thy grace employ my humble tongue,  
 Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear  
 Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;  
 And ev'ry setting sun shall see  
 New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy promise truth eternal guides,  
 And mercy o'er each act presides :  
 Thee good and kind shall mortals own,  
 To anger slow, to pity prone.

- 4 Their humble pray'r, in each distress ;  
To thee thy servants, Lord, address,  
And find thee, verging on the grave,  
Nor slow to hear, nor weak to save.
- 5 Let distant times and nations raise  
The long succession of thy praise ;  
And unborn ages make my song  
The joy and labour of their tongue.

55. L. M. BROWNE.

*Dependence upon Providence.*

- 1 O LORD of earth and seas and skies !  
Thy wealth the needy world supplies ;  
All that is good thou canst supply,  
And put all threat'ning evil by.
- 2 Should wars on ev'ry side invade,  
We'll shelter seek beneath thy shade ;  
Confide in thy paternal care,  
Nor want, nor harm, nor danger fear.
- 3 The wastes of life thy power repairs ;  
Thy mercy stills tempestuous cares ;  
And yielding all our lives to thee,  
We'll with their lot contented be.
- 4 Nor to the human race alone  
Is thy paternal goodness shown ;  
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air,  
Enjoy thy universal care.
- 5 Not ev'n a sparrow yields its breath,  
Till God permit the stroke of death :  
He hears the ravens when they call,  
The Father and the Friend of all !

## 56. L. M. BROWNE.

*Give thanks to God in all things.*

- 1 GREAT God ! our joyful thanks to thee,  
Shall, like thy gifts, continual be :  
In constant streams thy bounty flows,  
Nor end nor interruption knows.
- 2 From thee our comforts all arise,  
Our num'rous wants thy hand supplies,  
Nor can we ever, Lord, be poor,  
Who live on thine exhaustless store.
- 3 If what we ask our God denies,  
It is because thou'rt good and wise ;  
And ills, which cause our hearts to mourn,  
Thou canst to real blessings turn.
- 4 Deep, Lord, upon our thankful breast  
Let all thy favours be imprest ;  
That we may never more forget  
The whole, or any single debt.
- 5 May we with grateful hearts each day  
For all thy gifts our praises pay ;  
And still delighted may we be  
In all things to give thanks to thee !

## 57. L. M. MISS ROSCOE.

- 1 How rich the blessings, O my God,  
Which teach this grateful heart to glow ;  
How kindly pour'd and free bestow'd,  
The rivers of thy mercy flow !
- 2 How calmly rolls the stream of life ;  
Secure in thine immortal trust,

The soul has hush'd her secret strife,  
Nor longer shudders at the dust.

3 Though sorrow's cloud awhile o'ercast  
The dawn of earthly hope and joy,  
She knows that it must soon be past,  
And will unveil eternity.

4 Then virtue's humble toil and prayer  
Shall stand acknowledged at thy throne,  
Triumphant over earthly care,  
And the blest record thou wilt own.

58. C. K. COLLETT.

*Prayer to the supreme being.*

1 WHILE raptur'd saints adoring stand,  
And burning seraphs sing,  
Trembling I wait thy just command,  
My father, God, and king !

2 Thou source of everlasting good,  
Whose bounty flows to all !  
Thy pow'r restrains the swelling flood ;—  
O hear ! to thee I call.

3 Thy presence fills unbounded space,  
Directs the reas'ning mind :  
Thro' nature's various parts we trace  
Her God : her God we find.

4 Thy wisdom paints each springing flow'r,  
And shades the blushing green ;  
Thy goodness falls in ev'ry show'r,  
In ev'ry show'r is seen.



- 5 When'er thy wisdom thinks it fit  
To shake this clay-built frame,  
Teach me with patience to submit,  
With patience bless thy name.
- 6 Let not the stream of partial ill  
My better thoughts betray,  
Let truth and reason guide me still  
Through virtue's peaceful way.

## 59. C. M. LIVERPOOL COL.

- 1 FATHER supreme ! thy gracious pow'r  
On ev'ry hand we see ;  
O may the blessings of each hour  
Lead all our thoughts to thee.
- 2 If on the wings of morn we speed  
To earth's remotest bound,  
Thy right hand will our footsteps lead,  
Thine arm our path surround.
- 3 Thy pow'r is in the ocean deeps,  
And reaches to the skies ;  
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,  
Thy goodness never dies.
- 4 From morn till noon, till latest eve  
The hand of God we see ;  
And all the blessings we receive,  
Ceaseless proceed from thee.
- 5 In all the various scenes of time,  
On thee our hopes depend ;  
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry clime,  
Our Father and our Friend.

## 60. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*God the author of our comforts, our deliverances, and  
our hopes.*

- 1 GREAT Source of life ! our souls confess  
The various riches of thy grace ;  
Crown'd with thy mercy, we rejoice,  
And in thy praise exalt our voice.
- 2 By thee the vault of heav'n was spread ;  
By thee the earth's foundations laid ;  
And all the scenes of man's abode  
Proclaim a wise and gracious God.
- 3 Thy quick'ning hand restores our breath,  
When trembling on the verge of death ;  
Gently it wipes away our tears,  
And lengthens life to future years.
- 4 Our lives are sacred to the LORD ;  
Kindl'd by him, by him restor'd :  
And, while our hours renew their race,  
May sin no more these hours disgrace !
- 5 So when, at length, by thee we're led  
Through unknown regions of the dead,  
With hope triumphant may we move  
To scenes of nobler life above !

## 61. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The bounty of Providence improved.*

- 1 FATHER of lights ! we sing thy name,  
Who kindl'st up the lamp of day ;  
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,  
His beams thy pow'r and love display.

- 2 Fountain of good ! from thee proceeds,  
In copious drops, the genial rain,  
Which o'er the hills, and thro' the meads,  
Revive the grass, and swell the grain.
- 3 Thro' the wide world thy bounties spread ;  
Yet millions of our guilty race,  
Though by thy daily bounty fed,  
Affront thy law, and spurn thy grace.
- 4 Not so may our forgetful hearts  
O'erlook the tokens of thy care ;  
But what thy lib'ral hand imparts,  
Still own in praise, still ask in pray'r.
- 5 So shall our suns more grateful shine;  
And show'rs in sweeter drops shall fall,  
When all our hearts and lives are thine,  
And thou, O God ! enjoy'd in all.

62. 8 & 6s. m. H. MOORE.

*The love of God.*

- 1 My God ! thy boundless love I praise ;  
How bright on high its glories blaze !  
How sweetly bloom below !  
It streams from thine eternal throne ;  
Thro' heaven its joys forever run,  
And o'er the earth they flow.
- 2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,  
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,  
Their genial drops distil ;  
In ev'ry vernal beam it glows,  
And breathes in ev'ry gale that blows,  
And glides in ev'ry rill.

- 3 It robes in cheerful green the ground,  
 And pours its flow'ry beauties round,  
 Whose sweets perfume the gale ;  
 Its bounties richly spread the plain,  
 The blushing fruit, the golden grain,  
 And smiles on ev'ry vale.
- 4 But in thy gospel see it shine  
 With grace and glories more divine,  
 Proclaiming sins forgiv'n ;  
 There, faith, bright cherub, points the way  
 To realms of everlasting day,  
 And opens all her heav'n.
- 5 Then let the love that makes me blest,  
 With cheerful praise inspire my breast,  
 And ardent gratitude :  
 And all my thoughts and passions tend  
 To thee my Father and my Friend,  
 My soul's eternal good.

63. 7s. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

*Praise to God in prosperity and adversity.* Hab. iii.  
 17. 18.

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,  
 For the love that crowns our days :  
 Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,  
 Let thy praise our tongues employ :
- 2 For the blessings of the field,  
 For the stores the gardens yield ;  
 For the vines exalted juice,  
 For the gen'rous olive's use :

- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,  
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,  
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse ;
- 4 All that spring with bounteous hand  
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;  
All that lib'ral autumn pours  
From her rich o'erflowing stores ;
- 5 These to thee, our God ! we owe,  
Source whence all our blessings flow !  
And for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 6 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear  
From its stem the rip'ning ear ;  
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot  
Drop her green untimely fruit :
- 7 Should thine alter'd hand restrain  
The early and the latter rain ;  
Blast each op'ning bud of joy,  
And the rising year destroy :
- 8 Still to thee our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise ;  
And, when ev'ry blessing's flown,  
Love thee—for thyself alone.

64. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Praise to God through the whole of our existence.*

- 1 God of my life ! through all its days  
My grateful pow'rs shall sound thy praise ;  
The song shall wake with op'ning light,  
And warble to the silent night.

- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,  
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,  
Thy tuneful praises, rais'd on high,  
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,  
And all its pow'rs of language fail,  
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,  
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But O ! when that blest morn is come,  
Which breaks the slumbers of the tomb,  
With what glad accents shall I rise  
To join the music of the skies !
- 5 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains  
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains ;  
And emulate with joy unknown,  
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.
- 6 ' Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs,  
' While immortality endures :'  
A work so sweet, a theme so high,  
Demands, and crowns eternity.

65. C. M. MRS. ROWE.

*The righteous prayer.*

- 1 To thee, O God ! my pray'r ascends,  
But not for golden stores ;  
Nor covet I the brightest gems  
On the rich eastern shores :
- 2 Nor that deluding, empty joy  
Men call a mighty name ;  
Nor greatness, with its pride and state,  
My restless thoughts inflame :

- 3 Nor pleasure's fascinating charms,  
My fond desires allure ;  
But nobler things than these, from thee,  
My wishes would secure.
- 4 The faith and hope of things unseen  
My best affections move ;  
Thy light, thy favour, and thy smiles,  
Thine everlasting love :
- 5 These are the blessings I desire ;  
Lord, be these blessings mine—  
And all the glories of the world  
I cheerfully resign.

86. C. M. BIRMINGHAM COL.

*Aspiration after the christian temper.*

- 1 My God ! the Father of mankind !  
Of life the only spring !  
Creator of unnumber'd worlds !  
Supreme, eternal king !
- 2 Drive from the confines of my heart  
Impenitence and pride ;  
Nor let me in forbidden paths  
With thoughtless sinners glide.
- 3 What'er thine all discerning eye  
Sees for thy creature fit,  
I'll bless the good, and to the ill  
Contentedly submit.
- 4 With gen'rous pleasure let me view  
The prosp'rous and the great ;  
Malignant hatred let me fly,  
And odious self-conceit.

- 5 Let not despair, nor fell revenge,  
Be to my bosom known :  
Oh ! give me tears for others' woes,  
And patience for my own.
- 6 Feed me with necessary food :  
I ask not wealth nor fame :  
Give me an eye to see thy works,  
A heart to bless thy name.
- 7 Still let my days serenely pass  
Without remorse or care ;  
And growing holiness my soul  
For life's last hour prepare.

67. 8 & 6s. M. MRS. CARTER.

*Heavenly wisdom sought.*

- 1 To thee, supreme, eternal mind,  
All-wise, all-perfect, ever kind,  
My thoughts direct their flight ;  
Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force  
From thee deriv'd, unchanging source,  
Of intellectual light.
- 2 To me her better gifts impart,  
Each moral beauty of the heart  
By studious thought refin'd ;  
For wealth, the smiles of glad content,  
For power, its amplest, best extent,  
An empire o'er the mind.
- 3 O send her sure, her steady ray  
To regulate my doubtful way  
Thro' life's perplexing road ;



The mists of error to control,  
And thro' its gloom, direct my soul  
To happiness and good.

- 4 Beneath her clear discerning eye,  
The visionary shadows fly  
Of folly's painted show ;  
She sees, through every fair disguise,  
That all but virtue's solid joys  
Is vanity and woe.

63. S. M. PATRICK.

*Virtuous desires.*

- 1 O God ! thou just and kind,  
The erring mind instruct,  
And to the paths of righteousness  
Its wand'ring steps conduct.
- 2 Do thou the humble guide,  
And teach the meek thy way :  
Kindness and truth be shown to all  
Who thee in truth obey.
- 3 Let no events cast down  
Those who from evil flee ;  
Nor disappointment shame  
Who wait, O Lord ! on thee,
- 4 Give me the tender heart  
That mixes fear with love ;  
And lead me through whatever path  
Thy wisdom shall approve.
- 5 O ! ever keep my soul  
From error, shame, and guilt ;

Nor suffer the fair hope to fail,  
Which on thy truth is built.

69. C. M. SALISBURY COL.

*Spiritual blessings implored.*

- 1 AUTHOR of being ! God of love !  
To thee our hearts we raise ;  
Thine all-sustaining power we prove,  
And gladly sing thy praise.
- 2 Thine, wholly thine, we long to be ;  
Our sacrifice receive ;  
Made, and preserv'd, and sav'd by thee,  
To thee ourselves we give.
- 3 Heaven-ward our every wish aspires,  
For all thy mercy's store :  
The sole return thy love requires,  
Is, that we ask for more.
- 4 For more we ask ; we open, Lord,  
Our hearts t' embrace thy will ;  
Renew us by thy heav'nly truth,  
And from thy fulness, fill.
- 5 Still may we find thy heavenly love  
Shed in our hearts abroad,  
As onward to thy rest we move,  
Our Father, and our God.

70. L. M. H. MOORE.

*Wisdom and virtue sought.*

- 1 SUPREME and universal light !  
Fountain of reason ! judge of right !

- Parent of good! whose blessings flow  
On all above, and all below :
- 2 Without whose kind, directing ray,  
In everlasting night we stray,  
From passion still to passion tost,  
And in a maze of error lost :
- 3 Assist us, Lord! to act, to be,  
What nature and thy laws decree ;  
Worthy that intellectual flame,  
Which from thy breathing spirit came.
- 4 Our moral freedom to maintain,  
Bid passion serve, and reason reign,  
Self-pois'd and independent still  
On this world's varying good or ill.
- 5 No slave to profit, shame, or fear,  
O may our steadfast bosoms bear  
The stamp of heaven, an honest heart,  
Above the mean disguise of art !
- 6 May our expanded souls disclaim  
The narrow view, the selfish aim ;  
But with a christian zeal embrace  
Whate'er is friendly to our race.
- 7 O Father! grace and virtue grant ;  
No more we wish, no more we want :  
To know, to serve thee, and to love,  
Is peace below,—is bliss above.

71. C. M. CAPPE'S SEL.

*Prayer for spiritual and eternal blessings.*

- 1 ETERNAL Source of light and thought !  
Supremely good and wise !

To thee we bring our grateful vows,  
To thee lift up our eyes.

- 2 Thine influence, mighty God ! is felt  
Through nature's ample round ;  
In heav'n, on earth, thro' air and skies,  
Thine energy is found.
- 3 Father of lights ! thine aid dispense,  
To guide our doubtful way ;  
Thy truth shall scatter ev'ry cloud,  
And make a glorious day.
- 4 Supported by thy heav'nly grace,  
We'll do and bear thy will ;  
Thy grace shall make each burden light,  
And ev'ry murmur still.
- 5 Safely conduct us by thy grace,  
Through life's perplexing road,  
To pleasures which forever flow  
At thy right hand, O God !

72. C. M. POPE.

*The universal prayer.*

- 1 FATHER of all ! whose cares extend  
To earth's remotest shore,  
From ev'ry clime let praise ascend,  
And every age adore.
- 2 Thou great first cause, least understood,  
Who all my sense confin'd,  
To know but this—that thou art good,  
And that myself am blind.

- 3 What conscience dictates to be done,  
Or warns me not to do :  
This, teach me more than hell to shun,  
That, more than heav'n pursue.
- 4 What blessings thy free bounty gives,  
Let me not cast away ;  
For God is paid when man receives ;  
T' enjoy is to obey.
- 5 Save me alike from foolish pride,  
Or impious discontent ;  
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,  
Or ought thy goodness lent.
- 6 Teach me to feel another's woe,  
To hide the fault I see :  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.
- 7 To thee, whose temple is all space,  
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,  
One chorus let all beings raise,  
All nature's increase rise !

73. c. m. POPE.

*The universal prayer.*

- 1 LORD ! not to earth's contracted span  
Thy goodness let me bound ;  
Or think thee Lord alone of man,  
When thousand worlds are round.
- 2 Let not this weak, unknowing hand  
Presume thy bolts to throw ;

And deal damnation round the land,  
On each I judge thy foe.

3 If I am right, thy grace impart,  
Still in the right to stay ;  
If I am wrong, O teach my heart  
To find that better way.

4 Mean though I am, not wholly so,  
Since quicken'd by thy breath ;  
O lead me, wheresoe'er I go,  
Thro' this day's life, or death.

5 This day be bread and peace my lot ;—  
But all beneath the sun,  
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not ;  
And let thy will be done.

74. C. M. EXETER COL.

*The Lord's prayer.*

1 FATHER of all ! eternal mind !  
Immensely good and great !  
Thy children, form'd and bless'd by thee,  
Approach thine awful seat.

2 Thy name in hallow'd strains be sung ;  
We join the solemn praise :  
To thy great name, with heart and tongue,  
Our cheerful homage raise.

3 Thy mild, thy wise, and righteous reign  
Let ev'ry being own ;  
And in our minds, thy work divine,  
Erect thy gracious throne.

- 4 As angels in the heav'nly worlds  
Thy blest commands fulfil,  
So may thy creatures here below  
Perform thy holy will.
- 5 On thee we day by day depend;  
Our daily wants supply;  
With truth and virtue feed our souls,  
That they may never die.
- 6 Extend thy grace to ev'ry fault;  
O! let thy love forgive;  
Teach us divine forgiveness too,  
Nor let resentment live.
- 7 Where tempting snares bestrew the way,  
Permit us not to tread;  
Or turn all real evil far  
From our unguarded head.
- 8 Thy sacred name we would adore,  
With cheerful, humble mind:  
And praise thy goodness, pow'r, and truth,  
Eternal, unconfi'd!

### § III. FOR PARTICULAR SUBJECTS OF DISCOURSES.

75. L. M. ADDISON.

*The voice of God in his works. Ps. xix. 1—6.*

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,  
Their great original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Doth his Creator's pow'r display ;  
And publishes to ev'ry land,  
The work of an almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;  
And nightly to the list'ning earth  
Repeats the story of her birth :
- 4 Whilst all the stars which round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though, in solemn silence, all  
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;  
What though no real voice nor sound,  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found :



- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice ;  
Forever singing, as they shine—  
“ The hand that made us is divine.”

76. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

*The voice of nature.*

- 1 THERE is a God, all nature speaks,  
Thro' earth, and air, and seas, and skies ;  
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,  
When the first beams of morning rise !
- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright,  
O'er the wide world's extended frame,  
Inscribes, in characters of light,  
His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- 3 Diffusing life, his influence spreads,  
And health and plenty smile around ;  
And fruitful fields, and verdant meads,  
Are with a thousand blessings crown'd.
- 4 Almighty goodness, pow'r divine  
The fields and verdant meads display ;  
And bless the hand that made them shine,  
With various charms profusely gay.
- 5 For man and beast here daily food  
In wide diffusive plenty grows :  
And there, for drink, the crystal flood,  
In streams sweet winding, gently flows.
- 6 The flow'ry tribes all blooming rise  
Above the faint attempts of art :  
Their bright inimitable dyes  
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.

- 7 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,  
And trace creation's wonders o'er !  
Confess the footsteps of the God,  
And bow before him, and adore.

77. L. M. BROWNE.

*The One God.*

- 1 ETERNAL God ! Almighty cause  
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown !  
All things are subject to thy laws ;  
All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,  
Of all within itself possess ;  
By none control'd in thy commands,  
And in thyself completely blest.
- 3 In thee, O God, our hope shall rest,  
Fountain of peace and joy and love !  
Thy favour only makes us blest ;  
Without thee all would nothing prove.
- 4 Worship to thee alone belongs ;  
Worship to thee alone we give ;  
Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,  
And to thy glory we would live.
- 5 To thee, the One Supreme, we bow ;  
Let heav'n and earth due homage pay :  
All other gods we disavow,  
Reject their claims, renounce their sway.
- 6 Spread thy great name thro' ev'ry land,  
All idol deities dethrone :  
Subdue the world to thy command,  
And reign unrival'd, God alone !

## 73. L. M. KIPPIS.

*To the unknown God.*

- 1 GREAT God ! in vain man's narrow view  
Attempts to look thy nature through :  
Our lab'ring pow'rs with rev'rence own,  
Thy glories never can be known.
- 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,  
Who countless years his God has sought,  
Such wondrous height or depth can find,  
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.
- 3 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show  
Enough for mortal minds to know ;  
While wisdom, goodness, pow'r divine,  
Thro' all thy works and conduct shine.
- 4 O ! may our souls with rapture trace  
Thy works of nature and of grace ;  
Explore thy sacred truth, and still  
Press on to know and do thy will.

## 79. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The majesty of God. Isa. xl. 15, 16, 17.*

- 1 YE weak inhabitants of clay,  
Ye trifling insects of a day !  
Low in your native dust bow down  
Before th' Eternal's awful throne.
- 2 With trembling heart, with solemn eye,  
Behold Jehovah seated high ;  
And search what worthy sacrifice  
Your hands can give, your thoughts devise.

- 3 Let Lebanon her cedars bring  
To blaze before the sov'reign king ;  
And all the beasts, that on it feed,  
As victims at his altar bleed.
- 4 Loud let ten thousand trumpets sound,  
And call remotest nations round,  
Assembled on the crowded plains,  
Princes and people, kings and swains.
- 5 Join'd with the living, let the dead,  
Rising, the face of earth o'erspread ;  
And while his praise unites their tongues,  
Let angels echo back the songs.
- 6 The drop that from the bucket falls,  
The dust that hangs upon the scales,  
Is more to sky, and earth, and sea,  
Than all this pomp, great God ! to thee.

80. C. M. WATTS.

*God's eternal dominion.*

- 1 GREAT God ! how infinite art thou !  
How frail and helpless we !  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
E'er seas or stars were made ;  
Thou art the ever-living God,  
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time all open lie  
To this immense survey,  
From the formation of the sky,  
To the last awful day.

- 4 Eternity, with all its years,  
Stands present to thy view ;  
To thee there's nothing old appears,  
Great God ! there's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives through varying scenes are drawn,  
And vex'd with trifling cares,  
While thine eternal thought moves on  
Thine undisturb'd affairs.
- 6 Great God ! how infinite art thou !  
How frail and helpless we !  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And praise their praise to thee.

81. L. M. WALKER'S COL.

*God eternal and immutable.*

- 1 ALL-pow'rful, self-existent God,  
Who all creation dost sustain !  
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,  
And everlasting is thy reign !
- 2 Fix'd and eternal as thy days,  
Each glorious attribute divine,  
Thro' ages infinite, shall still  
With undiminish'd lustre shine.
- 3 Fountain of being ! Source of good !  
Immutable thou dost remain ;  
Nor can the shadow of a change  
Obscure the glories of thy reign.
- 4 Nature her order shall reverse,  
Revolving seasons cease their round ;  
Nor spring appear with blooming pride,  
Nor autumn be with plenty crown'd ;

- 5 Yon shining orbs forget their course,  
The sun his destin'd path forsake,  
And burning desolation mark  
Amid the world his devious track.
- 6 Earth may with all her pow'rs dissolve,  
If such the great Creator's will :  
But thou for ever art the same,  
I Am is thy memorial still.

82. 10s. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

*The unrivalled power and dominion of God.*

- 1 THOU dost, O God, with absolute command,  
Sway the broad ocean and the steadfast land;  
Jehovah reigns unbounded and alone,  
And all creation hangs upon his throne.
- 2 This earthly globe, the creature of a day,  
Tho' built by God's right hand, must pass  
away ;  
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,  
The fate of empires and the pride of kings :
- 3 The sun himself, with gath'ring clouds oppress,  
Shall in his silent, dark pavilion rest ;  
His golden urn shall break, and useless lie,  
Amid the common ruins of the sky ;
- 4 But fix'd, O God ! forever stands thy throne :  
Jehovah reigns, a universe alone :  
Th' eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,  
Collected, or diffus'd, is still the same.

- 5 But oh ! our highest notes the theme debase,  
And silence is our least injurious praise :  
Cease, cease your songs, the daring flight  
control ;  
Revere him in the stillness of the soul.

83. L. M. BLACKLOCK.

*God's omniscience and omnipresence.*

- 1 FATHER of all ! omniscient mind !  
Thy wisdom who can comprehend ?  
Its highest point what eye can find,  
Or to its lowest depths descend ?
- 2 What cavern deep, what hill sublime,  
Beyond thy reach, shall I pursue ?  
What dark recess, what distant clime,  
Shall hide me from thy boundless view ?
- 3 If up to heav'n's ethereal height,  
Thy prospect to elude, I rise ;  
In splendour there, supremely bright,  
Thy presence shall my sight surprise.
- 4 Thee, mighty God ! my wond'ring soul,  
Thee, all her conscious pow'rs adore ;  
Whose being circumscribes the whole,  
Whose eyes the universe explore.
- 5 Thine essence fills this breathing frame,  
It glows in every vital part ;  
Lights up my soul with livelier flame,  
And feeds with life my beating heart.
- 6 To thee, from whom my being came,  
Whose smile is all the heav'n I know,  
Inspir'd with this exalted theme,  
To thee my grateful strains shall flow.

## 84. L. M. WATTS.

*The all-seeing God. Ps. cxxxix.*

- 1 LORD, thou hast search'd and seen us thro';  
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,  
Our waking and our sleeping hours,  
Our heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs.
- 2 Our thoughts, before they are our own,  
Are to our God distinctly known :  
He knows the words we mean to speak,  
Ere from our op'ning lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power we stand ;  
On every side we find thy hand :  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
We are surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !  
What large extent ! what lofty height !  
Our souls, with all the pow'rs they boast,  
Are in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 Could we so false, so faithless prove,  
To quit thy service and thy love,  
Where, Lord, could we thy presence 'shun,  
Or from thy dreadful glory run ?
- 6 If mounted on a morning ray  
We fly beyond the western sea,  
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,  
And there arrest the fugitive.
- 7 Or should we try to shun thy sight  
Beneath the spreading veil of night,  
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,  
Would kindle darkness into day.



- 8 O may these thoughts possess our breast,  
Where'er we rove, where'er we rest !  
Nor let our weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin ; for God is there.

85. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Assurance of the divine presence.*

- 1 AND art thou with us, gracious Lord !  
To dissipate our fear ?  
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,  
Our God for ever near ?
- 2 Doth thy right hand, which form'd the earth,  
And bears up all the skies,  
Stretch from on high its friendly aid,  
When dangers round us rise ?
- 3 And wilt thou lead our weary souls  
To that delightful scene,  
Where rivers of salvation flow  
Through pastures ever green ?
- 4 On thy support our souls shall lean,  
And banish ev'ry care ;  
The gloomy vale of death will smile,  
If God be with us there.
- 5 While we his gracious succour prove,  
'Midst all our various ways,  
The darkest shades, through which we pass,  
Shall echo with his praise.

## 86. C. M. JERVIS.

*The being, omnipresence, and providence of God.*

- 1 GREAT God, how vast is thine abode !  
Mysterious are thy ways !  
Unseen, thy footsteps in the air,  
And trackless in the seas.
- 2 Yea, the whole peopl'd world bespeaks  
Thy being and thy pow'r,  
'Midst the resplendent blaze of day,  
And awful midnight hour.
- 3 Nor all the peopl'd world alone,  
Rich fields and verdant plains,  
But lonely wilds by man untrod,  
Where silent horror reigns.
- 4 Vast caverns deep, and cloud-topt hills,  
Huge mountains rude and bare,  
Terrific rocks and cataracts  
Thy grandeur all declare.
- 5 The howling wind, the beating rain,  
The sea's tumultuous roar,  
These in tremendous concert join'd  
Proclaim thy boundless pow'r.
- 6 Through all creation's widest range  
The hand of heav'n is near :  
Where'er I wander in the world,  
Lo ! God is present there.

## 87. C. M. ARBUCKLE.

*Universal presence of God.*

- 1 My heart and all my ways, O God !  
By thee are search'd and seen ;

My outward acts thine eye observes,  
My secret thoughts within.

2 Attendant on my steps, all day  
Thy providence I see ;  
And in the solitude of night  
I'm present still with thee.

3 Goodness, and majesty, and power,  
Thro' all thy works are shown ;  
Brightly display'd in nature's frame,  
Nor faintly in my own.

4 O ! if within my thoughtless heart  
Thou aught should'st disapprove,  
The secret evil bring to light,  
And by thy grace remove.

5 If e'er my ways have been perverse,  
Or foolish in thy view,  
Recall my steps to thy commands,  
And form my life anew.

88. C. M. WATTS.

*God's dominion and decrees.*

1 LET all creation humbled lie,  
Before their Maker God !  
Whate'er his pow'rful hand has form'd,  
He governs with a word.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown  
Hang on his firm decree ;  
He sits on no precarious throne,  
Nor borrows leave to be.

- 3 Unnumber'd ages ere the skies  
Were into motion brought,  
Whate'er through endless years should rise,  
Stood present to his thought.
- 4 His mighty voice bade ancient night  
Her endless realms resign;  
And lo ! ten thousand globes of light  
In fields of azure shine.
- 5 There's not a sparrow nor a worm  
O'erlook'd in his decrees :  
He raises monarchs to a throne,  
Or sinks with equal ease.
- 6 If light attend the course we go,  
'Tis he provides the rays ;  
And 'tis his hand that hides the sun,  
If darkness cloud our days.
- 7 Trusting thy wisdom, God of love !  
We would not wish to know  
What in the book of thy decrees  
Awaits us here below.
- 8 Be this alone our fervent prayer ;  
Whate'er our lot shall be,  
Or joys or sorrows, may they form  
Our souls for heav'n, and thee !

89. C. M. BROWNE.

*Universal goodness of God.*

- 1 LORD ! thou art good ; all nature shows  
Its mighty author kind :  
Thy bounty through creation flows,  
Full, free, and unconfin'd.

- 2 The whole, and ev'ry part proclaims  
Thy infinite good will ;  
It shines in stars, and flows in streams,  
And blooms on ev'ry hill.
- 3 We view it o'er the spreading main,  
And heav'ns which spread more wide ;  
It drops in gentle show'rs of rain,  
And rolls in ev'ry tide.
- 4 Long hath it been diffus'd abroad,  
Thro' ages past and gone ;  
Nor ever can exhausted be,  
But still keeps flowing on.
- 5 Thro' the vast whole it pours supplies,  
Spreads joy thro' ev'ry part :  
O may such love attract my eyes,  
And captivate my heart !
- 6 My highest admiration raise,  
My best affections move !  
Employ my tongue in songs of praise,  
And fill my heart with love !

90. I. M. DODDRIDGE,

*The divine goodness.*

- 1 TRIUMPHANT, Lord ! thy goodness reigns  
Through all the wide celestial plains ;  
And its full streams redundant flow,  
Down to th' abodes of men below.
- 2 'Thro' nature's works thy glories shine ;  
The cares of providence are thine :  
And thou hast rais'd within our frame  
A fairer temple to thy name.

- 3 O give to ev'ry human heart,  
To taste and feel how good thou art ;  
With grateful love, and rev'rent fear,  
To know how blest thy children are.
- 4 Let nature burst into a song :  
Ye echoing hills the notes prolong !  
Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems raise,  
All vocal with your Maker's praise !
- 5 Join, O my soul ! the gen'ral song,  
To thee its sweetest notes belong ;  
Blest above all by love divine,  
To praise is eminently thine.

91. C. K. GROVE.

*God the Creator.*

- 1 O LORD, how excellent thy name !  
How glorious to behold,  
Engraven fair on all thy works  
In characters of gold !
- 2 On heav'n's unmeasurable face,  
In lines immensely great ;  
In small, on ev'ry leaf and flow'r,  
CREATOR-GOD is writ.
- 3 By his almighty word at first,  
The arch of heav'n was rear'd ;  
And all the beauteous host of light  
At his command appear'd.
- 4 Above the ocean dark and wild,  
God rais'd the swelling land ;  
And raging waves in narrower bounds  
Obey the high command.

- 5 With herbs, and plants, and fruitful trees,  
He crown'd the new form'd earth ;  
And to the various brutal tribes,  
Ordain'd their wond'rous birth.
- 6 Then man, the last and noblest work  
Of all this nether frame,  
With the first vital breath he drew,  
Confess'd from whence he came.
- 7 Let earth and all that dwell therein,  
Before him trembling stand ;  
For when he gave the word, 'twas fix'd,  
And rose at his command.

## 92. C. M. GROVE.

*God the preserver of the course of nature.*

- 1 THE starry hosts in order move  
Observant of their bounds ;  
And ev'ry year, and ev'ry day  
The sun repeats his rounds.
- 2 While generations rise and fall,  
Immortal is the race ;  
And time may shift the fading scenes,  
But not the earth displace.
- 3 What winter's with'ring breath destroys,  
The following spring supplies ;  
And age, in vig'rous youth renew'd,  
Beholds itself, and dies.
- 4 The life by thee preserv'd, O God !  
Shall all be spent for thee ;  
And flowing bear thy praise along  
To vast eternity.

## 93. L. M. WATTS.

*The universal providence of God.*

- 1 How vast thy works, thou sov'reign Lord!  
All nature rests upon thy word !  
Thy glories in the heav'ns we see,  
The spacious earth is full of thee.
- 2 The various tribes of creatures stand,  
Waiting their portion from thy hand :  
And while they take their diff'rent food,  
Their cheerful looks pronounce thee good.
- 3 If thou the vital air deny,  
Behold them sicken, faint, and die ;  
Dust to its kindred dust returns,  
And earth her ruin'd offspring mourns.
- 4 But soon thy breath her loss supplies :.  
She sees a new-born race arise,  
And, o'er her regions scatter'd wide,  
The blessings of thy hand divide.
- 5 To God in joyful strains my tongue  
Shall pour the tributary song !  
And, long as breath inspires my frame,  
The wonders of his love proclaim.

## 94. C. M. WATTS.

*Natural and moral providence.*

- 1 THE world of nature, Lord ! is thine,  
The darkness and the day :  
Thou didst command the morn to shine,  
And mark the sun's bright way.



- 2 Thy pow'r hath trac'd the winding coast,  
Hath giv'n the sea its bounds ;  
With summer's heat, and winter's frost,  
In their perpetual rounds.
- 3 Oh ! who can stand before thy sight,  
When once thy wrath appears ?  
When heav'n shall blaze with dreadful light,  
The earth lies still, and fears.
- 4 When God, in his mysterious ways,  
Comes down to save th' opprest,  
The wrath of man shall work his praise,  
And he'll restrain the rest.

95. L. M. COWPER.

*Providence and grace.*

- 1 THY providence supplies our food,  
And tis thy blessing makes it good ;  
Our souls are nourish'd by thy word ;  
Let soul and body praise the Lord.
- 2 Our streams of outward comfort came  
From him who built this earthly frame ;  
Whate'er we want, his mercies give,  
By whom our souls forever live.
- 3 Either his hand preserves from pain,  
Or, if we feel it, heals again ;  
From outward evils shields our breast,  
Or overrules them for the best.
- 4 Forgive the song that falls so low  
Beneath the gratitude we owe :  
It meant thy praise, however poor—  
An angel's song can do no more.

## 96. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

*The blessings of providence.*

- 1 THOU great Creator, Father, Lord !  
Kind guardian of my days !  
Thy mercies let my heart record  
In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn my tender frame  
Was thine indulgent care,  
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,  
Or breathe the infant prayer.
- 3 When reason with my stature grew,  
How weak her brightest ray !  
How little of my God I knew !  
How apt from thee to stray !
- 4 What countless blessings round me shone,  
Where'er I turn'd mine eye !  
How many pass'd almost unknown,  
Or unregarded, by !
- 5 Around my path what dangers rose !  
What snares o'erspread my road !  
No power could guard me from my foes,  
But my preserver, God.
- 6 When life hung trembling on a breath,  
'Twas thine unceasing love  
That sav'd me from impending death,  
And bade my fears remove.
- 7 Each rolling year new favours brought  
From thine exhaustless store :  
But ah ! in vain my lab'ring thought  
Would count thy mercies o'er.

- 8 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,  
And every weakness dies,  
Complete the wonders of thy grace,  
And raise me to the skies.

97. C. M. BROWNE.

*Confidence in God our Father.*

- 1 O God ! on thee we all depend,  
On thy paternal care ;  
Thou wilt the father and the friend  
In every act appear.
- 2 With open hand and liberal heart  
Thou wilt our wants supply ;  
Thy heav'nly blessings still impart,  
And no good thing deny.
- 3 Our father knows what's good and fit,  
And wisdom guides his love ;  
To thine appointments we submit,  
And ev'ry choice approve.
- 4 In thy paternal love and care  
With cheerful hearts we trust ;  
Thy tender mercies boundless are,  
And all thy ways are just.
- 5 We cannot want, while God provides ;  
What he ordains is best ;  
And heav'n whate'er we want beside,  
Will give eternal rest.

98. 6l. L. M. ADDISON.

*God our shepherd. Ps. xxiii.*

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care :

His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye :  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads ;  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Tho' in a bare and rugged way,  
Thro' devious, lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile :  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Tho' in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord ! art with me still ;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

99. C. M. ADDISON.

*God every where the refuge of his servants.*

- 1 How are thy servants blest, O Lord !  
How sure is their defence !  
Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
Their help, omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,  
Supported by thy care,

- They pass unhurt through burning climes,  
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 Thy mercy sweetens ev'ry soil,  
Makes ev'ry region please ;  
The hoary frozen hills it warms,  
And smooths the boist'rous seas.
- 4 Tho' by the dreadful tempest toss'd  
High on the broken wave,  
They know thou art not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.
- 5 The storm is laid, the winds retire,  
Obedient to thy will :  
The sea, that roars at thy command,  
At thy command is still.
- 6 From all our griefs and straits, O Lord !  
Thy mercy sets us free,  
While in the confidence of prayer  
Our hearts take hold on thee.
- 7 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,  
Thy goodness we'll adore ;  
And praise thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.
- 8 Our lives, while thou preserv'st our lives,  
Thy sacrifice shall be ;  
And O may death, when death shall come,  
Unite our souls to thee !

100. L. M. LIVERPOOL COL.

*Man's dependence on God.*

- 1 THRO' all the various shifting scene  
Of life's mistaken ill or good,

- Thy hand, O God, conducts unseen,  
The beautiful vicissitude.
- 2 Thou givest with paternal care,  
Howe'er unjustly we complain,  
To all their necessary share  
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 Trust we to youth, or friends, or power?  
Fix we on this terrestrial ball?  
When most secure, the coming hour,  
If thou seest fit, may blast them all.
- 4 All things on earth, and all in heav'n,  
On thine eternal will depend;  
And all for greater good were giv'n,  
Would man pursue th' appointed end.
- 5 Be this my care!—to all beside  
Indiff'rent let my wishes be;  
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,  
And fix my soul, great God! on thee.

101. L. M. SCOTT.

*Equity of the divine dispensations.*

- 1 Who, gracious Father! shall complain  
Under thy mild and equal reign?  
Who does a weight of duty share,  
More than his aids and pow'rs can bear?
- 2 With diff'ring climes, and diff'ring lands,  
With fertile plains, and barren sands,  
Thy hand hath fram'd this earthly round,  
And set each nation in its bound.

- 3 Varied alike, thy moral ray  
Here sheds a full, there fainter day :  
The God of all, unkind to none,  
To all the path of life has shown.
- 4 O the abounding grace which brought  
To us, the words by Jesus taught !  
So blest and with such hopes inspir'd ;  
How much is given, how much requir'd !

102. C. M. NEEDHAM.

*God no respecter of persons.*

- 1 THINE eye impartial, heav'nly King !  
Surveys each human tribe ;  
No earthly pomp thine eyes can charm,  
Nor wealth thy favour bribe.
- 2 The rich and poor, of equal clay  
Thy pow'rful hand did frame ;  
All souls are thine, and thee alike  
Their common Parent claim.
- 3 Thou condescend'st to visit oft  
The humble, hallow'd cell ;  
And with the penitent who mourns,  
'Tis thy delight to dwell :
- 4 The downcast spirit to revive,  
The sorrowful to cheer ;  
And from the bed of dust, the man  
Of contrite heart to rear.
- 5 With thee, dwells no relentless wrath  
Against the human race :  
The souls which thou hast form'd, shall find  
A refuge in thy grace.

## 103. S. M. C. WESLEY.

- 1    GIVE to the winds thy fears ;  
     Hope and be undismayed ;  
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,  
     He shall lift up thy head.
- 2    Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
     He gently clears thy way ;  
Wait thou his time, so shall this night  
     Soon end in joyous day.
- 3    What though thou rulest not ;  
     Yet heav'n, and earth, and hell  
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,  
     And ruleth all things well.
- 4    Thou seest our weakness, Lord ;  
     Our hearts are known to thee :  
O lift thou up the sinking head,  
     Confirm the feeble knee.
- 5    To each thou dost divide  
     His lot of good and ill ;  
Nor this too great, nor that too small,  
     Ordain'd by wisest will.
- 6    Let man conform his mind  
     To ev'ry changing state ;  
Rejoicing now, and now resign'd,  
     And the great issue wait.
- 7    Hopeful and humble take  
     Thy evil and thy good ;  
Nor by presumption nor despair,  
     Weak mortal, be subdued.



## 104. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

*The vicissitudes of providence.*

- 1 THE gifts indulgent heav'n bestows,  
Are variously convey'd ;  
The human mind, like nature, knows  
Alternate light and shade.
- 2 While changing aspects all things wear,  
Can we expect to find  
Unclouded sunshine all the year,  
Or constant peace of mind ?
- 3 More gaily smiles the blooming spring,  
When wintry storms are o'er ;  
Retreating sorrow thus may bring  
Delights unknown before.
- 4 Then, christian ! send thy fears away,  
Nor sink in gloomy care ;  
Tho' clouds o'erspread the scene to day,  
To-morrow may be fair.

## - 105. L. M. MERRICK.

*God the protector of innocence.*

- 1 WHAT eyes like thine, Eternal Sire !  
Thro' sin's obscurest depths inquire ?  
What hand, like thine, on virtue's foes  
The needful judgments can impose ?
- 2 The meek observer of thy laws  
To thee commits his injur'd cause :  
In thee, each anxious fear resign'd,  
The fatherless a father find.
- 3 Thine is the throne ; beneath thy reign,  
Thou sov'reign King ! the tribes profane

Behold their dreams of conquest o'er,  
And vanish, to be seen no more.

- 4 'Tis thine the orphan's cheek to dry,  
The guiltless suff'rer's cause to try ;  
To rein each earth-born tyrant's will,  
And bid the sons of pride be still.

106. C. M. C. WESLEY. c

*The safety of good men amidst public calamities.*

- 1 ON God supreme our hope depends,  
Whose omnipresent sight  
Ev'n to the pathless realms extends  
Of uncreated night.
- 2 Plung'd in th' abyss of deep distress,  
To him we rais'd our cry ;  
His mercy bade our sorrows cease,  
And fill'd our tongue with joy.
- 3 Though earth her ancient seat forsake,  
By pangs convulsive torn,  
Though her self-balanc'd fabric shake,  
And ruin'd nature mourn ;
- 4 Though hills be in the ocean lost;  
With all their trembling load,  
No fear shall e'er disturb the just,  
Or shake his trust in God.
- 5 Nations remote and realms unknown,  
In vain resist his sway ;  
For Lo ! Jehovah's voice is shown,  
And earth shall melt away.

- 6 Let war's devouring surges rise,  
And swell on ev'ry side ;  
The Lord of hosts our safeguard is,  
And Jacob's God our guide.
- 

107. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*God the intellectual light.* 2 Cor. iv. 6.

- 1 PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,  
With uncreated glories bright !  
His presence gilds the worlds above ;  
Th' unchanging source of light and love.
- 2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,  
When, in substantial darkness veil'd,  
The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,  
Lay bury'd in eternal gloom.
- 3 Let there be light ! Jehovah said,  
And light o'er all its face was spread :  
Nature, array'd in charms unknown,  
Gay with its new-born lustre shone.
- 4 He sees the mind, when lost it lies  
In shades of ignorance and vice ;  
And darts from heav'n a vivid ray,  
And changes midnight into day.
- 5 Our souls, reviv'd by heav'nly light,  
Shall be in all thine image bright ;  
While all our faculties shall join  
To praise the Lord of light divine.

108. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*God alike gracious to his servants under every dispensation.*

- 1 PRAISE to the Lord who loud proclaims  
His various and his saving names ;  
O may they not be heard alone,  
But by our sure experience known !
- 2 Awake, our noblest pow'rs, to bless  
The God of Abr'am, God of peace ;  
Now by a dearer title known,  
Father and God of Christ his son.
- 3 Thro' ev'ry age his gracious ear  
Is open to his servants' pray'r ;  
Nor can one humble soul complain,  
That it hath sought its God in vain.
- 4 What unbelieving heart shall dare  
In whispers to suggest a fear,  
While still he owns his ancient name,  
The same his pow'r, his love the same ?
- 5 To thee our souls in faith arise,  
To thee we lift expecting eyes,  
And boldly thro' the desert tread ;  
For God will guard where God shall lead.

109. S. M. NEEDHAM.

*Christ the light of the world.*

- 1 BEHOLD, the Prince of peace !  
The chosen of the LORD,  
God's well-beloved Son, fulfils  
The sure prophetic word.

- 2 No royal pomp adorns  
This king of righteousness :  
Meekness and patience, truth and love  
Compose his princely dress.
- 3 The spirit of the Lord,  
In rich abundance shed,  
On this great prophet gently lights,  
And rests upon his head.
- 4 Jesus, the light of men !  
His doctrine life imparts :  
O may we feel its quick'ning pow'r  
To warm and glad our hearts !
- 5 Cheer'd by its beams, our souls  
Shall run the heavenly way :  
The path which Christ has mark'd and trod,  
Will lead to endless day.

110. C. M. J. TAYLOR.

*The mission of Christ.*

- 1 "PREPARE," th' appointed herald cried,  
"The Lord's straight path prepare :  
Let valleys rise, let hills subside,  
And rugged ways grow fair !
- 2 "Then shall the race of man behold  
Salvation from on high ;  
Then shall the Saviour, long foretold,  
Commence his ministry."
- 3 Spotless the heav'n-taught teacher stood,  
And meekly bow'd his head,  
While from old Jordan's sacred flood  
Baptismal rites were shed.

- 4 Now spake th' announcing voice of heav'n,  
While bright the glory shone ;  
" To you the Christ of God is giv'n,  
Jehovah's chosen son.
- 5 " Him hear ; with him my cov'nant stands,  
With pow'r I him invest ;  
I place my sceptre in his hands,  
My truth inspires his breast."
- 6 We cheerful own our Sov'reign's laws ;  
We bless the Saviour's name ;  
And praise that first eternal cause,  
From which such favour came.

111. 8 & 78. M. SALISBURY COL.

*Praise to the God of our salvation.*

- 1 HAIL the God of our salvation,  
Triumph in redeeming love,  
Let us with glad exultation,  
Imitate the blest above.
- 2 Light of those whose dreary dwelling  
Border'd on the shades of death,  
He hath by his grace revealing  
Scatter'd all the clouds beneath.
- 3 Father, source of all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded love thou art ;  
Hail the God of our salvation,  
Praise him ev'ry thankful heart.
- 4 Round his awful footstool kneeling,  
Lowly bend with grateful souls ;  
Here, his milder grace revealing,  
Here his wrath no thunder rolls :

- 5 Lo ! th' eternal page before us,  
Bears the cov'nant of his love ;  
Full of mercy to restore us,  
Mercy beaming from above.
- 6 Joyfully on earth adore him,  
Till in heaven our songs we raise,  
There enraptur'd, fall before him,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

112. C. M. WATTS.

*The first and second coming of Christ.*

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands !  
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue !  
His new-discover'd grace demands  
A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus came  
A guilty world to save ;  
From vice and error to reclaim,  
And rescue from the grave.
- 3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day ;  
Joy through the earth be seen ;  
Let cities shine in bright array,  
And fields in cheerful green.
- 4 With pleasure lift your wond'ring eyes,  
Ye islands of the sea !  
Ye mountains ! sink ; ye valleys ! rise ;  
Prepare the Saviour's way.
- 5 Behold he comes ! he comes to bless  
The nations from their God ;  
To show the world his righteousness,  
And send his truth abroad.

- 6 Again he comes, with powr'ful voice  
To wake the num'rous dead,  
And call his churches to rejoice  
With their exalted head.
- 7 When he, who is our life, draws near,  
And all his glory view,  
His faithful servants shall appear  
With him in glory too.

## 113. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The mission of Jesus Christ.* Luke iv. 18, 19.

- 1 HARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes !  
The Saviour promis'd long !  
Let ev'ry heart a throne prepare ;  
And ev'ry voice a song !
- 2 On him the spirit largely pour'd,  
Exerts its holy fire ;  
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,  
His sacred breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, the pris'ners to release,  
In wretched bondage held ;  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray ;  
And on the eye-balls of the blind,  
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The wounded soul to cure :  
And, with the treasures of his grace,  
T' enrich the humble poor.



- 6 Our songs of joy and gratitude  
His welcome shall proclaim ;  
Hail to the prince of peace, who comes  
In God our Father's name !

114. 6l. L. M. SALISBURY COL.

*The universal extension of the gospel.* Eph. i. 9,  
10, 11.

- 1 We sing the wise, the gracious plan,  
Which God devis'd e'er time began,  
At length disclos'd in all its light;  
We bless the wond'rous birth of love,  
Which beams around us from above,  
With grace so free, and hope so bright.
- 2 Here has the wise eternal mind,  
In *Christ* their common head, conjoin'd  
*Gentiles* and *Jews*, and earth and heaven,  
Thro' him, from the great father's throne,  
Rivers of bliss come pouring down,  
And endless peace and life are given.
- 3 No more the awful Cherubs guard  
The tree of life with flaming sword,  
To drive afar man's trembling race;  
At Salem's pearly gates they stand,  
And smiling wait (a friendly band !).  
To welcome strangers to the place.
- 4 While we expect that glorious sight,  
Love shall our hearts with theirs unite,  
And ardent hope, our bosom raise ;  
From earth's low cottages of clay,  
To those resplendent realms of day,  
We'll swell the notes of grateful praise.

## 115. L. M. MASON.

*Christ the image of the invisible God.*

- 1 THOU, Lord, by mortal eyes unseen,  
And by thine offspring here unknown,  
To manifest thyself to men,  
Hast set thine image in thy Son.
- 2 As the bright sun's meridian blaze  
O'erwhelms and pains our feeble sight,  
But cheers us with his softer rays  
When shining with reflected light ;
- 3 So in thy Son, thy pow'r divine,  
Thy wisdom, justice, truth, and love  
With mild and pleasing lustre shine,  
Reflected from thy throne above.
- 4 Though Jews, who granted not his claim,  
Contemptuous turn'd away their face ;  
Yet those who trusted in his name,  
Beheld in him thy truth and grace.
- 5 O thou ! at whose almighty word,  
Fair light at first from darkness shone,  
Teach us to know our glorious Lord,  
And trace the Father in the Son.
- 6 While we thine image there display'd,  
With love and admiration view,  
Form us in likeness to our head,  
That we may bear thine image too.

## 116. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Jesus Christ the captain of our salvation.*

- 1 O GOD supreme ! on thee we call,  
The Great Original of all ;

From thee we are, to thee we tend,  
Our sure support, our glorious end.

- 2 We praise that wise, that wondrous grace,  
That pitied our revolted race,  
And Jesus, our victorious head,  
The captain of salvation made.
- 3 He, thine eternal love decreed,  
Should many sons to glory lead ;  
And sinful worms to him are giv'n,  
A colony to people heav'n.
- 4 Jesus for us (O gracious name,)  
Encounter'd agony and shame ;  
Jesus, in thine endowments great,  
Was by dire suffering made complete.
- 5 A scene of wonders here we see,  
Worthy thy son, and worthy thee ;  
And while this theme employs our tongues,  
All heav'n unites its sweetest songs.

117. L. M. BUTCHER.

*Miracles of Christ.*

- 1 WHAT works of wisdom, pow'r, and love,  
Do Jesus' high commission prove !  
Attest his heav'n-derived claim,  
And glorify his Father's name !
- 2 On eyes that never saw the day,  
He pours the bright celestial ray ;  
And deafen'd ears, by him unbound,  
Catch all the harmony of sound.

- 3 Lameness takes up its bed, and goes  
Rejoicing in the strength that flows  
Through ev'ry nerve ; and free from pain,  
Pours forth to God the grateful strain.
- 4 The shatter'd mind his word restores,  
And tunes afresh the mental pow'rs ;  
The dead revive, to life return,  
And bid affection cease to mourn.
- 5 Canst thou, my soul, these wonders trace,  
And not admire Jehovah's grace ?  
Can thou behold thy Saviour's pow'r,  
And not the God he serv'd, adore !

118. C. M. SALISBURY COL.

*Light and strength from God.* Isa. xlii. 16.

- 1 PRAISE to the radiant source of bliss,  
Who gives the blind their sight,  
And scatters round their wond'ring eyes  
A flood of sacred light.
- 2 In paths unknown he leads them on  
To his divine abode,  
And shows new miracles of grace  
Through all the heavenly road.
- 3 The ways, though rugged and perplex'd,  
He renders smooth and straight,  
And strengthens every feeble knee  
To march to *Sion's* gate.
- 4 Through all the path we'll sing his name,  
Till we the mount ascend,  
Where toils and storms are known no more,  
And anthems never end.

## 119. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Christ the sun of righteousness.*

- 1 To thee, O God! we homage pay,  
Source of the light that rules the day!  
Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,  
Reflects thy rays and speaks thy name.
- 2 In louder strains we sing that grace,  
Which gives the sun of righteousness,  
Whose nobler light salvation brings,  
And scatters healing from his wings.
- 3 Still on our hearts may Jesus shine,  
With beams of light and love divine;  
Quicken'd by him our souls shall live,  
And cheer'd by him shall grow and thrive.
- 4 O may his glories stand confess'd,  
From north to south, from east to west;  
Successful may his gospel run,  
Wide as the circuit of the sun.
- 5 When shall that radiant scene arise,  
When, fix'd on high, in purer skies,  
Christ all his lustre shall display  
On all his saints through endless day!

## 120. H. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Fruitful showers emblems of the effects of the gospel.*

- 1 MARK the soft-falling snow,  
And the descending rain!  
To heav'n from whence it fell,  
It turns not back again;

But waters earth  
Thro' ev'ry pore,  
And calls forth all  
Her secret store.

- 2 Array'd in beauteous green  
The hills and valleys shine,  
And man and beast are fed  
By providence divine :  
The harvest bows  
Its golden ears,  
The copious seed  
Of future years.

- 3 "So," saith the God of grace,  
"My gospel shall descend,  
Almighty to effect  
The purpose I intend ;  
Millions of souls  
Shall feel its pow'r,  
And bear it down  
To millions more."

- 4 "Joy shall begin your march,  
And peace protect your ways,  
While all the mountains round  
Echo melodious praise :  
The vocal groves  
Shall sing the God,  
And ev'ry tree  
Consenting nod."

121. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

*The love of God in the gospel.*

! LORD ! we adore thy boundless grace,  
The heights and depths unknown,

Of pardon, life, and joy, and peace,  
In thy beloved son.

- 2 Come, all ye pining, hungry poor !  
Your Father's bounty taste ;  
Behold a never failing store,  
For ev'ry willing guest.
- 3 Here shall your num'rous wants receive  
A free and full supply ;  
God has unmeasur'd bliss to give,  
And joys that never die.
- 4 Can those who hear the Saviour's voice,  
Renounce celestial joys,  
And cling with fond and fatal choice,  
To earth's delusive toys ?
- 5 Lord ! bring unwilling souls to thee,  
By thine all gracious pow'r ;  
Thy boundless love let sinners see,  
And at thy feet adore.

122. L. M. MRS. STEELE,

*The gospel peculiarly preached to the poor.*

- 1 YE humble souls, complain no more,  
Let faith survey your future store ;  
How happy, how divinely blest,  
The sacred words of truth attest.
- 2 When conscious grief laments sincere,  
And pours the penitential tear ;  
Hope points to your dejected eyes  
A bright reversion in the skies.

- 3 In vain the sons of wealth and pride  
Despise your lot, your hopes deride ;  
In vain they boast their little stores ;  
Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours :
- 4 A kingdom of immense delight,  
Where health, and peace, and joy unite,  
Where undeclining pleasures rise,  
And ev'ry wish hath full supplies :
- 5 A kingdom which can ne'er decay,  
Tho' time sweep earthly thrones away ;  
The state which power and truth sustain,  
Unmov'd forever must remain.
- 6 Great God ! to thee we breathe our pray'r :  
If thou confirm our interest there ;  
Enroll'd among thy happy poor,  
Our largest wishes ask no more.

123. S. M. MRS. STEELE.

*Light and redemption by the gospel.*

- 1 THE trav'ller, lost in night,  
Breathes many a longing sigh,  
And marks the welcome dawn of light,  
With rapture in his eye.
- 2 Thus sweet the dawn of day  
Which weary sinners find,  
When mercy with reviving ray  
Beams o'er the fainting mind.
- 3 To slaves opprest with chains,  
How kind, how dear the friend,  
Whose gen'rous hand relieves their pains,  
And bids their sorrows end !



- 4 Thus dear that friend divine,  
Who rescues captive souls ;  
Unbinds the galling chains of sin,  
And all its power controls.
- 5 My God ! to gospel light  
My dawn of hope I owe ;  
Once, wand'ring in the shades of night,  
And sunk in hopeless woe.
- 6 Thy hand redeems the slave,  
And sets the pris'ner free :  
Be all I am, and all I have,  
Devoted, Lord, to thee !

124. 7s. M. SCOTT.

*Christ risen, and death vanquished.*

- 1 ANGEL, roll the rock away !  
Death, yield up thy mighty prey !  
See, he rises from the tomb,  
Glowing in immortal bloom ! Hallelujah !
- 2 Shout, ye saints, in rapt'rous song ;  
Let the notes be sweet and strong ;  
Hail the Son of God, this morn  
From his sepulchre new-born !
- 3 Christians, dry your flowing tears ;  
Chase those unbelieving fears ;  
Look on his deserted grave ;  
Doubt no more his power to save.
- 4 Powers of heav'n, celestial choirs,  
Sing, and sweep your sounding lyres !  
Sons of men, in joyful strain,  
Hail your mighty Saviour's reign !

- 5 Ev'ry note with wonder swell,  
And the Saviour's triumph tell :  
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?  
Where thy terrors, vanquish'd king ?

125. 7s. M. SALISBURY COL.

*The ascension of Christ.*

- 1 HAIL the day that sees him rise,  
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes ;  
Christ, a while to mortals given,  
Now ascends the highest heaven.
- 2 There the pompous triumph waits,  
Lift your heads, y' eternal gates,  
Wide unfold the radiant scene,  
Take the exalted Jesus in.
- 3 Him the highest heaven receives,  
Still he loves the earth he leaves ;  
Tho' exalted to his throne,  
Still he calls mankind his own.
- 4 See, he lifts his hands above,  
See, he shows the prints of love ;  
Hark ! his gracious lips bestow  
Blessings on his church below.
- 5 Ever upward let us move,  
Wafted on the wings of love ;  
There we shall with him remain,  
Partners of his endless reign.

## 126. P. M. SALISBURY COL.

*The spring, an emblem of gospel blessings.*

- 1 PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,  
Whose goodness crowns the varied year ;  
While nature's works his bounty show,  
Let gratitude salute him here ;  
    Swell, gently swell the solemn song,  
    Now pour the bounding notes along,  
Teach choirs below, to choirs above,  
To echo back the common lay,  
And, as they praise unbounded love,  
To join in bounty's holiday.  
    To God the universal king  
    Be sacred every grateful choir !  
    In ceaseless hymns, all praises sing,  
    That endless bounty can inspire !
- 2 All lost, beneath stern winter's reign,  
Creation's genial powers appear'd,  
Spring call'd them into life again,  
See, budding verdure shows they heard ;  
    Bless, bless, O man ! the kind design,  
    Whose nobler counter-part is thine !  
Thy powers a gloomier winter froze,  
Till thy Messiah's cheering ray,  
Prolific of fair truth arose,  
And shed the blaze of mental day.  
    To God the universal king, &c.
- 3 All spotless, as the truth he taught,  
Free, as the mercy he display'd,  
He shew'd what human duty ought,  
He did what heavenly goodness bade ;

Enforc'd each just command he gave,  
 Nor liv'd, nor died, in vain to save.  
 Praise God, whose heavenly mercy sent  
 His Son to save a sinful race;  
 Let ev'ry heart with one consent  
 Adore the free, the wond'rous grace.  
 To God the universal king,  
 Be sacred every grateful choir !  
 In ceaseless hymns all praises sing,  
 That endless mercy can inspire.

127. 74. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

*The invitations of the gospel.*

- 1 **COME !** said Jesus' sacred voice,  
 Come, and make my paths your choice :  
 I will guide you to your home ;  
 Weary pilgrim, hither come !
- 2 **THOU**, who houseless, sole, forlorn,  
 Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,  
 Long hast roam'd the barren waste,  
 Weary pilgrim, hither haste !
- 3 **YE**, who tost on beds of pain,  
 Seek for ease, but seek in vain :  
 Ye, whose swoll'n and sleepless eyes,  
 Watch to see the morning rise :
- 4 **YE**, by fiercer anguish torn,  
 Guilt, in strong remorse, who mourn ;  
 Here repose your heavy care :  
 Conscience wounded, who can bear ?

- 5 Sinner, come ! for here is found  
Balm that flows for ev'ry wound ;  
Peace that ever shall endure ;  
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

128. L. M. WATTS.

*The kingdom of Christ.*

- 1 To God let fervent pray'rs arise  
With ev'ry daily sacrifice,  
The great Messiah's reign to spread,  
And with new honours crown his head.
- 2 Soon may he rule where'er the sun  
Doth his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 3 As gentle rain on parching ground,  
His gospel sheds its influence round ;  
Its grace on fainting souls distils,  
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;  
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains :  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And contrite hearts with peace are blest.
- 5 Where he displays his healing pow'r,  
The sting of death is known no more ;  
In him the tribes of Adam boast  
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Great God ! may realms of ev'ry tongue  
Dwell on thy love with sweetest song ;  
And with united hearts proclaim,  
That grace and truth by Jesus came,

## 129. 8 &amp; 7s. M. COWPER.

*The future peace and glory of the church.*

- 1 **HEAR** what God, the Lord, hath spoken:  
O my people ! faint and few,  
Comfortless, afflicted, broken ;  
Fair abodes I build for you :  
Themes of heartfelt tribulation  
Shall no more perplex your ways :  
You shall name your walls, salvation,  
And your gates shall all be praise.
- 2 **There**, like streams that feed the garden,  
Pleasures without end, shall flow ;  
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,  
All his bounty shall bestow :  
Still in undisturb'd possession,  
Peace and righteousness shall reign ;  
Never shall you feel oppression,  
Hear the voice of war again.
- 3 **Ye**, no more your suns descending,  
Waning moons no more shall see ;  
But your griefs forever ending,  
Find eternal noon in me :  
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,  
Change to day the gloom of night ;  
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,  
God your everlasting light.

## 130. C. M. NEEDHAM.

*Prayer for the spread of the gospel.*

- 1 **GREAT** God of grace ! arise and shine,  
With beams of heav'nly light :

## 119. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Christ the sun of righteousness.*

- 1 To thee, O God! we homage pay,  
Source of the light that rules the day!  
Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,  
Reflects thy rays and speaks thy name.
- 2 In louder strains we sing that grace,  
Which gives the sun of righteousness,  
Whose nobler light salvation brings,  
And scatters healing from his wings.
- 3 Still on our hearts may Jesus shine,  
With beams of light and love divine;  
Quicken'd by him our souls shall live,  
And cheer'd by him shall grow and thrive.
- 4 O may his glories stand confess'd,  
From north to south, from east to west;  
Successful may his gospel run,  
Wide as the circuit of the sun,
- 5 When shall that radiant scene arise,  
When, fix'd on high, in purer skies,  
Christ all his lustre shall display  
On all his saints through endless day!

## 120. H. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Fruitful showers emblems of the effects of the gospel.*

- 1 MARK the soft-falling snow,  
And the descending rain!  
To heav'n from whence it fell,  
It turns not back again;

3 For love of us he bled,  
And all in torture died ;  
'Twas love that bow'd his fainting head,  
And op'd his gushing side.

4 In sympathy of love  
Let all the earth combine ;  
And, drawn by cords so gentle, prove  
The energy divine.

5 In him our hearts unite,  
Nor share his grief alone,  
But from his cross pursue their flight  
To his triumphant throne,

132. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

*The example of Christ.*

1 AND is the gospel peace and love ?  
So let our conversation be ;  
The serpent blended with the dove,  
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,  
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,  
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,  
Bright pattern of the christian life !

3 O how benevolent and kind !  
How mild ! how ready to forgive !  
Be this the temper of our mind,  
And his the rules by which we live.

4 To do his heavn'ly father's will  
Was his employment and delight :



Humanity and holy zeal  
Shone through his life divinely bright !

- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,  
The labours of his life were love :  
If then we love our Saviour's name,  
Let his divine example move.

133. C. M. ENFIELD.

*Example of Christ.*

- 1 BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,  
Appears each grace divine ;  
The virtues, all in Jesus met,  
With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heav'nly light,  
To give the mourner joy,  
To preach glad tidings to the poor,  
Was his divine employ.
- 3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends  
A friend and servant found,  
He wash'd their feet, he wip'd their tears,  
And heal'd each bleeding wound.
- 4 'Midst keen reproach, and cruel scorn,  
Patient and meek he stood ;  
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life ;  
He labour'd for their good.
- 5 To God he left his righteous cause,  
And still his task pursu'd ;  
While humble pray'r and holy faith  
His fainting strength renewed.

- 6 In the last hour of deep distress,  
He sought his Father's throne,  
Breath'd out his soul, and meekly said,  
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"
- 7 No longer now the man of griefs;  
Of life and glory Lord;  
He calls his brethren fellow-heirs,  
*Their* glory—*his* reward.
- 8 Be Christ our pattern and our guide!  
His image may we bear!  
O may we tread his holy steps,  
His joy and glory share.

## 134. L. M. WATTS.

- 1 FATHER of Jesus Christ my Lord!  
I read my duty in his word;  
But in his life the law appears  
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Faithful his mission to fulfil!  
Resign'd to all his Father's will!  
His love and meekness, how divine!  
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Zeal for the temple of his God,  
Expos'd his life, consum'd his blood;  
Reproaches at thy glory thrown,  
He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.
- 4 Cold mountains and the midnight air,  
Witness'd the fervour of his pray'r;  
The desert his temptations knew,  
His conflicts and his vict'ries too.

- 5 He is my pattern ; may I bear  
More of his gracious image here !  
Then shall I find my humble name  
Among the followers of the Lamb.

## 135. C. M. WATTS.

*Supreme value and authority of the scriptures.*

- 1 LORD ! we have made thy word our choice,  
Our lasting heritage ;  
There shall our noblest pow'rs rejoice,  
Our warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 We'll read the hist'ries of thy love,  
And keep thy laws in sight,  
While through the promises we rove,  
With ever fresh delight.
- 3 Our num'rous griefs are here redrest,  
And all our wants supplied ;  
Nought we can ask to make us blest,  
Is in this book denied.
- 4 This is the field where hidden lies  
The pearl of price unknown :  
The merchant is divinely wise,  
Who makes that pearl his own.
- 5 This is the judge that ends the strife,  
Where wit and reason fail ;  
Our guide to everlasting life  
Through all this gloomy vale.
- 6 Oh ! may its counsels, mighty God !  
Our roving feet command ;  
Nor we forsake the happy road,  
That leads to thy right hand.

## 136. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

*The excellence of the Scriptures.*

- 1 FATHER of light divine ! thy word  
With lasting lustre shines !  
Forever be thy name ador'd,  
For these celestial lines !
- 2 They kindly cheer the drooping heart  
Thro' this dark vale of tears ;  
Life, light and peace they still impart,  
And quell our rising fears.
- 3 Here mines of knowledge, and of joy,  
Are offer'd to our sight ;  
The finest gold without alloy,  
And gems divinely bright.
- 4 'Tis here the Saviour's welcome voice  
Spreads heav'nly peace around ;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heav'nly pages be  
My ever dear delight ;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light !

## 137. C. M. COWPER.

*The light and glory of God's word.*

- 1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic like the sun !  
It gives a light to ev'ry age ;  
It gives, but borrows none.

- 2 The hand that gave it, still affords  
His gracious light and heat ;  
His truths upon the nations rise,  
They rise, but never set.
- 3 That glorious orb, whose golden beams  
The fruitful year control,  
Since first, obedient to thy word,  
He started from the goal—
- 4 Has cheer'd the nations with the joys  
His orient rays impart ;  
But 'tis the light of truth alone  
Can shine upon the heart.
- 5 Let everlasting thanks be thine,  
For such a bright display,  
As makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heav'nly day.
- 6 My soul rejoices to pursue  
The paths of truth and love ;  
Till glory break upon my sight,  
In brighter worlds above.

138. s. m. SCOTT.

*The right and duty of private judgment.*

- 1 IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,  
And dreads the curious eye :  
But sacred truths the test invite,  
They bid us search and try.
- 2 O may we still maintain  
A meek, inquiring mind ;  
Assur'd we shall not search in vain,  
But hidden treasures find.

- 3 With understanding blest,  
Created to be free,  
Our faith on man we dare not rest,  
Subject to none but thee.
- 4 Lord, give the light we need ;  
With soundest knowledge fill ;  
From noxious error guard our creed,  
From prejudice our will.
- 5 The truth thou shalt impart,  
May we with firmness own ;  
Abhorring each evasive art,  
And fearing thee alone.

139. L. M. MERRICK.

*Desire of instruction.*

- 1 TEACH me, O teach me, Lord ! thy way ;  
That to my life's remotest day,  
By thy unerring precepts led,  
My feet thy heav'nly paths may tread.
- 2 Hence far be each delusion vain,  
Wild offspring of the human brain ;  
The truths that fill thy hallowed page,  
My happier thoughts shall all engage.
- 3 Inform'd by thee, with sacred awe,  
My heart shall meditate thy law ;  
And with celestial wisdom fill'd,  
To thee a pure obedience yield.
- 4 Give me to know thy will aright,  
Thy will, my glory and delight ;  
That, rais'd above the world, my mind  
In thee its highest good may find.

- 6 O turn from vanity mine eye ;  
To me thy quick'ning strength supply ;  
And with thy promis'd mercy, cheer  
A heart devoted to thy fear.

140. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Value of the knowledge of God.*

- 1 SHINE forth, Eternal Source of light !  
And make thy glories known ;  
Fill our enlarg'd adoring sight  
With lustre all thy own.
- 2 To know the author of our frame,  
Is our sublimest skill :  
True science is to learn his name,  
True life to do his will.
- 3 All wisdom else, compar'd with this,  
Is little worth and vain ;  
Who wants it, never tastes of bliss,  
Tho' all beside he gain.
- 4 For this let me unceasing pray ;  
And this with zeal pursue,  
Till visions of eternal day  
Fix and complete the view.
- 

141. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Faith in the invisible God. Heb. xi. 27.*

- 1 ETERNAL and Almighty king !  
Thy peerless splendors none can bear ;

But darkness veils seraphic eyes,  
When God with all his glory's there.

2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,  
The great Invisible can see ;  
And with its tremblings mingle joy,  
In fix'd regards, great God ! to thee.

3 Then ev'ry tempting form of sin,  
Aw'd by thy presence, disappears ;  
And all the glowing raptur'd soul  
The likeness it contemplates, wears.

4 O ever conscious to my heart !  
Witness to its supreme desire :  
Behold it presseth on to thee,  
For it hath caught the heavenly fire.

5 This one petition would it urge—  
To bear thee ever in its sight ;  
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,  
Its only portion and delight !

142. L. M. BROWNE.

*Imitation of God.*

1 GREAT God ! thy peerless excellence  
Let all created natures own :  
Deep on our minds impress the sense  
Of glories which are thine alone.

2 Let these our admiration raise,  
And fill us with religious awe :  
Tune all our hearts and tongues to praise,  
And bend us to thy holy law.



- 3 But, where we may resemble thee,  
And in thy godlike nature share,  
Thine humble followers let us be,  
And somewhat of thy likeness bear.
- 4 Pure may we be, averse from sin,  
Just, holy, merciful, and true ;  
And let thine image, form'd within,  
Shine out in all we speak and do.

143. S. M. MRS. STEELE.

*God's parental character.*

- 1 My Father !—cheering name !  
O may I call thee mine ?  
Give me with humble hope to claim  
A portion so divine.
- 2 This can my fears control,  
And bid my sorrows fly ;  
What real harm can reach my soul  
Beneath my father's eye ?
- 3 Whate'er thy will denies,  
I calmly would resign ;  
For thou art just, and good, and wise :  
O bend my will to thine !
- 4 Whate'er thy will ordains,  
O give me strength to bear ;  
Still let me know a father reigns,  
And trust a father's care.
- 5 If anguish rend this frame,  
And life almost depart ;  
Is not thy mercy still the same  
To cheer my drooping heart ?

- 6 Thy ways are little known  
 To my weak, erring sight ;  
 Yet shall my soul, believing, own  
 That all thy ways are right.
- 7 My Father !—blissful name !  
 Above expression dear !  
 If thou accept my humble claim,  
 I bid adieu to fear.

144. L. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

*Devout aspirations.*

- 1 OUR God, as merciful as just,  
 Kindly remembers man is dust ;  
 His ear is open to our cries,  
 His grace will meet our lifted eyes.
- 2 He reads the language of a tear,  
 Listens to sighs from hearts sincere ;  
 He marks the dawn of virtuous aim,  
 And fans the smoking flax to flame.
- 3 Set us from earthly bondage free,  
 Still ev'ry wish that strays from thee ;  
 Bid, Lord, our vain disquiets cease,  
 And point our path to endless peace.
- 4 If in the vale of tears we stray,  
 Where wounding thorns perplex our way,  
 Still let our souls thy goodness see,  
 And with strong faith lay hold on thee.
- 5 With joy, my soul, thy lot receive,  
 Resign'd alike to die or live ;  
 Kissing the sceptre or the rod,  
 See God in all, and all in God.

- 6 With thee in solitudes I walk,  
With thee in crowded cities talk,  
In ev'ry creature own thy power,  
In each event thy will adore.
- 7 Thy hopes shall animate my soul,  
Thy precepts guide, thy fear control ;  
Within the temple of thine arms  
I'll rest, secure from all alarms.
- 8 Thus when the closing hour draws nigh,  
And earth recedes before mine eye,  
From cares and gloomy terrors free,  
I feel omnipotent in thee.

145. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Joy and prosperity from the blessing of God.*

- 1 SHINE on our souls, Eternal God !  
With rays of mercy shine :  
O let thy favour crown our days,  
And their whole course be thine.
- 2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,  
Our hands might toil in vain :  
Small joy success itself could give,  
If thou thy love restrain.
- 3 'Tis ours the furrows to prepare,  
And sow the precious grain ;  
'Tis thine to give the sun and air,  
And to command the rain.
- 4 With thee let ev'ry week begin,  
With thee each day be spent,  
For thee each fleeting hour improv'd,  
Since each by thee is lent.

- 5 Thus cheer us thro' this toilsome road,  
Till all our labours cease ;  
And thus prepare our weary souls  
For everlasting peace.

146. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Living habitually in the fear of God. ●*

- 1 How happy they who, born from heav'n,  
While yet they sojourn here,  
Each day of life with God begin,  
And spend it in his fear.
- 2 'Midst hourly cares, may we present  
Our off'rings to thy throne ;  
And while the world our hands employs,  
Our hearts be thine alone.
- 3 As sanctify'd to noblest ends,  
Be each refreshment sought ;  
And by each various providence  
Some wise instruction brought.
- 4 When to laborious duties call'd,  
Or by temptations try'd,  
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,  
And in thy strength confide.
- 5 As diff'rent scenes of life arise,  
Our grateful hearts would be  
With thee amidst the social band,  
In solitude with thee.
- 6 In solid pure delights like these,  
Let all our days be past ;  
Nor shall we then impatient wish,  
Nor shall we fear the last.

## 147. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

*Faith and hope in the divine goodness.*

- 1 LORD ! while my thoughts with wonder trace  
Thy favours past through all my days,  
My thankful heart adores thy grace ;  
I trust that goodness which I praise.
- 2 Still from the same eternal spring  
Thy various constant bounties flow ;  
Beneath the shelter of thy wing,  
I view serene the shades of woe.
- 3 We see no terrors in thy name,  
But in our God a father find :  
The voice that shakes all nature's frame,  
Speaks comfort to the pious mind.
- 4 Ev'n death's tremendous vale appears  
No more in gloomy terrors drest :  
Thy voice, O God ! forbids my fears,  
While on thy gracious hand I rest.
- 5 Thro' the dark scenes of mortal care,  
To humble faith's enraptur'd eye,  
The distant prospect opens fair  
Of radiant mansions in the sky.

## 148. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The days of the righteous known to God.*

Ps. xxxvii. 18.

- 1 To THEE, my God ! my days are known ;  
My soul enjoys the thought ;  
My actions all before thee lie,  
Nor are my wants forgot.

- 2 Each secret wish devotion breathes,  
Is vocal to thine ear :  
And all my walks of daily life  
Before thine eye appear.
- 3 The vacant hour, the active scene,  
Thy mercy will approve ;  
And ev'ry pang of sympathy,  
And ev'ry care of love.
- 4 Each golden hour of beaming light  
Is gilded by thy rays ;  
And dark affliction's midnight gloom  
A present God surveys.
- 5 Full in thy view thro' life I pass,  
And in thy view I die !  
And, when all mortal bonds shall break  
May I still find thee nigh !

149. L. M. WALKER.

*Communion with God.*

- 1 ENOUGH of life's vain scene I've trod,  
Sweet is this interval of rest :  
With cheerful heart I meet my God,  
His presence makes me truly blest.
- 2 Father and Friend ! relations dear,  
Rejoicing to the human soul ;  
They lift us above ev'ry fear,  
And ills, (if ills there be,) control.
- 3 Pleasant is life, and sweet the light  
That pours from the bright orb of day,  
Revealing to our raptur'd sight,  
The world in all its rich display.

- 4 Pleasant is life, and sweet its ties,  
The touching charities of man :  
Friend, fellow, child and parent rise,  
Endearing life's progressive plan.
- 5 But light and life would soon be vile,  
And all their dearest pleasures fall,  
Nor sun would shine, nor life would smile,  
Without thy presence gladd'ning all.

150. L. M. MERRICK.

*The pleasures of devotion.*

- 1 God of my strength ! to thee I cry ;  
To thee, my surest refuge, fly :  
O may thy light attend my way,  
Thy truth afford its cheering ray !
- 2 Conduct me to thy hallow'd seat,  
Where wisdom, truth, and mercy meet ;  
And there, in all its best array,  
My heart its richest gifts shall pay.
- 3 Thy precepts fix'd before my view,  
My thoughts with steadfast aim pursue ;  
Nor error's cloud, nor arts of sin,  
My soul from faith and virtue win.
- 4 Thy mercies, to my heart reveal'd,  
A theme of endless transport yield ;  
Thy love does all my bosom fire,  
Thy praise does all my song inspire.
- 5 In all our cares, in all our woes,  
On thee our stedfast hopes repose :  
On thy tried word who build their trust,  
Shall find their confidence was just.

## 151. C. M. MISS H. M. WILLIAMS.

*Habitual devotion.*

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Pow'r!  
Be my vain wishes still'd;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 Thy love the pow'rs of thought bestow'd;  
To thee my thoughts would soar;  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd:—  
That mercy I adore!
- 3 In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see!  
Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
Because conferr'd by thee.
- 4 In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,  
In ev'ry pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in pray'r.
- 5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill:  
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,  
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The low'ring storm shall see:  
My stedfast heart shall know no fear:—  
That heart shall rest on thee!

## 152. C. M. WATTS.

*God our portion here and hereafter.*

- A GOD, my supporter and my hope,  
My help forever near!



- Thine arm of mercy holds me up,  
And saves me from despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord ! shall guide my feet  
Through this dark wilderness ;  
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat  
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 No blessing equal to thy love,  
I through creation see ;  
In earth beneath, in heav'n above,  
Whom have I Lord, but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,  
And flesh and heart should faint ?  
God is my soul's eternal rock,  
The strength of ev'ry saint.
- 5 Behold the sinners that remove  
Far from thy presence, die ;  
Not all the vanities they love,  
Can peace or hope supply.
- 6 But to draw near to thee, my God !  
Shall be my sweet employ :  
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,  
And tell the world my joy.

153. P. M. J. TAYLOR.

*Trust in God through all the changes of life.*

- 1 FATHER divine ! before thy view,  
All worlds, all creatures lie ;  
No distance can elude thy search,  
No action 'scape thine eye.  
Hear, gracious God, our mingled praises  
hear,  
Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear.

- 2 From thee our vital breath we drew ;  
Our childhood was thy care ;  
And vig'rous youth and feeble age  
Thy kind protection share.  
Hear, gracious God, &c.
- 3 Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,  
Thy ceaseless bounty flows ;  
Oppress'd with woe, when nature faints,  
Thine arm is our repose.  
Hear, gracious God, &c.
- 4 To thee we look, thou Pow'r Supreme,  
O still our wants supply !  
Safe in thy presence may we live,  
And in thy favour die.  
Hear, gracious God, &c.

154. S. M. WATTS.

- 1 My God, permit my tongue  
This joy to call thee mine :  
And let my earnest cries prevail  
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 For life without thy love  
No relish can afford :  
No joy can be compar'd with this,  
To serve and please thee, Lord.
- 3 In wakeful hours of night  
I call my God to mind ;  
I think how wise thy counsels are,  
And all thy dealings kind.
- 4 Since thou hast been my help,  
To thee my spirit flies ;

And on thy watchful providence  
My cheerful hope relies.

- 5 The shadow of thy wings  
My soul in safety keeps ;  
I follow where my father leads,  
And he supports my steps.

155. C. M. DARWIN.

*Trust in God in prosperity and adversity.*

- 1 THE Lord ! how tender is his love !  
His justice, how august !  
Hence all her fears my soul derives,  
There anchors all her trust.
- 2 He show'rs the manna from above,  
To feed the barren waste ;  
Or points with death the fiery hail,  
And famine waits the blast.
- 3 Crowns, realms, and worlds, his wrath incens'd,  
Are dust beneath his tread :  
He blights the fair, unplumes the proud,  
And shakes the learned head.
- 4 He bids distress forget to groan,  
The sick from anguish cease ;  
In dungeons spreads his healing wing,  
And softly whispers peace.
- 5 Thy vengeance rides the rushing wind,  
Or tips the bolt with flame :  
Thy goodness breathes in ev'ry breeze,  
And warms in ev'ry beam.

- 6 For me, O Lord! whatever lot  
The hours commission'd bring;  
Do all my with'ring blessings die,  
Or fairer clusters spring;
- 7 O! grant that still with grateful heart  
My tears resign'd may run;  
'Tis thine to give or to resume,  
And may thy will be done.

156. C. M. WATTS.

*Submission to afflictive Providences.*

- 1 PEACE, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand  
Which blasts our joys in death,  
Changes the visage once so dear,  
And gathers back the breath.
- 2 'Tis he, the Potentate supreme  
Of all the worlds above,  
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,  
Nor from their purpose move.
- 3 The dear delights we here enjoy,  
And call our own in vain,  
Are but short favours lent us now  
To be repaid again.
- 4 The God who lifts our comforts high,  
Or sinks them to the grave,  
He gives, and blessed be his name,  
He takes but what he gave.
- 5 Peace, all our angry passions then;  
Let each rebellious sigh  
Be silent at his sov'reign will,  
And ev'ry murmur die.

- 6 If smiling mercy crown our lives,  
Its praises shall be spread ;  
Nor will we call unjust, the hand  
That strikes our comforts dead.

157. L. M. COWPER.

*God is love.*

- 1 WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,  
And smiling day once more appears ;  
Then, my Creator ! then I find  
The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 Strait I upbraid my wand'ring heart,  
And blush that I should ever be  
Thus prone to act so base a part,  
Or harbour one hard thought of thee.
- 3 O ! let me then at length be taught  
What I am still so slow to learn—  
That God is love, and changes not,  
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !  
But when my faith is sharply try'd,  
I find myself a learner yet,  
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, O my God ! one look from thee  
Subdues the disobedient will,  
Drives doubt and discontent away,  
And thy rebellious worm is still.

## 158. C. M. COWPER.

*Submission to the divine will.*

- 1 O LORD ! my best desires fulfil,  
And help me to resign  
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,  
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,  
Whose love forbids my fears ;  
Or tremble at thy gracious hand,  
That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No ! let me rather freely yield  
What most I prize to thee ;  
Who never hast a good withheld,  
Nor wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way ;  
Shall I resist them both ?  
Short-sighted creature of a day,  
And crush'd before the moth !
- 5 But ah ! my heart within me cries,  
Still binds me to thy sway ;  
Else the next cloud that veils the skies  
Drives all these thoughts away.

## 159. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

*The same subject.*

- 1 WHEN present suff'rings pain our hearts,  
Or future terrors rise,  
And light and hope almost depart  
From these dejected eyes :

- 2 Thy pow'rful word supports our hopes,  
Rich cordial of the mind !  
And bears our fainting spirits up,  
And bids us wait resign'd.
- 3 And oh ! whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy providence denies,  
Accepted at thy throne of grace,  
Let this petition rise :
- 4 Give us a calm, a thankful heart,  
From ev'ry murmur free :  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And make us live to thee.
- 5 Let the blest hope that we are thine,  
Our path of life attend ;  
Thy presence thro' our journey shine,  
And crown our journey's end.

160. L. M.

- 1 FATHER ! I thank thee ; may no thought  
E'er deem thy chastisements severe ;  
But may this heart by sorrow taught,  
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.
- 2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom,  
Thy sun shines bright, and man is gay ;  
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom,  
That darkens o'er his little day.
- 3 The mystic mazes of thy will,  
The shadows of celestial light,  
Are past the pow'r of human skill ;  
But what th' Eternal does, is right.

- 4 Full many a throb of grief and pain  
Is earth's pale wand'rer doom'd to know,  
Yet not one prayer is breath'd in vain,  
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.
- 5 Thy various messengers employ ;  
Thy purposes of love fulfil ;  
And 'mid the wreck of human joy,  
Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

161. C. M. MERRICK.

*Acquiescence in the will of God.*

- 1 PARENT of good ! we rest on thee :  
Thine ever watchful eye  
Alone our real wants can see,  
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 Oh ! let thy love within us dwell,  
Thy fear our footsteps guide ;  
That love shall vainer loves expel,  
That fear, all fears beside.
- 3 And since by passion's force subdu'd,  
Too oft with stubborn will  
We blindly shun the latent good,  
And grasp the specious ill :
- 4 Not what we wish, but what we want,  
Let mercy still supply :  
The good, unask'd, let mercy grant,  
The ill, though ask'd, deny.



## 162. C. M. WATTS.

*The aged christian's prayer.*

- 1 O God ! my earliest, latest hope !  
I live upon thy truth :  
Thy hands have held my childhood up,  
And strengthen'd all my youth.
- 2 My frame was fashion'd by thy pow'r,  
And shows thy skill divine ;  
And from my mother's painful hour,  
I've been entirely thine.
- 3 Still has my life new wonders seen,  
In each revolving year :  
Behold, my days that yet remain,  
I trust them to thy care.
- 4 Cast me not off when strength declines,  
When hoary hairs arise ;  
And round me let thy glory shine.  
Whene'er thy servant dies.
- 5 Then in the hist'ry of my age,  
When men review my days,  
They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,  
In ev'ry line thy praise.

## 163. C. M. BOYCE.

*Life reviewed.*

- 1 WHEN in the vale of lengthen'd years,  
My feeble feet shall tread ;  
And I survey the various scenes,  
Through which I have been led ;

- 2 How many mercies will my life,  
Before my view unfold ;  
What countless dangers will be past,  
What tales of sorrow told !
- 3 Thousands, to whom my natal hour  
Imparted vital breath,  
Just look'd on life, and clos'd their eyes  
In the fast sleep of death.
- 4 Thousands, who climb'd to manhood's stage,  
Safe thro' unnumber'd snares,  
Travell'd not far before they sunk  
Amidst its thorns and cares.
- 5 Follow'd thro' ev'ry changing stage,  
With goodness all my days,  
Deny me not a heart to love,  
A tongue to speak thy praise.
- 6 Ten thousand thousand thanks to thee  
Echo along the road ;  
O ! may I join those endless songs  
That fill thy blest abode.

164. C. M. LOGAN.

*Youthful piety.*

- 1 ALMIGHTY friend ! with reason's dawn  
Let me thy favour gain ;  
And when its light in shade declines,  
I shall not trust in vain.
- 2 In this soft season of my life,  
Mid nature's smiling bloom,  
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait  
Its summons to the tomb,

- 3 Thee, in remembrance, may I bear ;  
For thee my pow'rs employ :  
Make thee who gave both life and pow'rs,  
My firmest trust and joy.
- 4 Thro' all youth's slipp'ry paths, be thou  
My counsellor and friend ;  
Since if my years begin with thee,  
With thee my years shall end.
- 5 Thou wilt not cast me off, when dark  
And evil days descend ;  
Nor leave me sinking in despair,  
At life's approaching end.
- 6 I know the power on which I trust ;  
The arm on which I lean ;  
He will my father ever be,  
Who has my father been.
- 

165. L. M.

*Devotion vain without virtue.*

- 1 Th' uplifted eye, and bended knee  
Art but vain homage, Lord, to thee ;  
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,  
The heart a stranger to the song.
- 2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,  
The breaches of thy precepts heal ?  
Or fasts and penance reconcile  
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile ?

- 3 Not he whose baseless hope relies  
On modes which erring men devise ;  
Who merely call the Saviour, Lord,  
But heeds not to perform his word ;
- 4 Not he shall tread the courts above,  
The bright abodes of joy and love ;  
But he whose prompt obedience, shows  
His wish to practise what he knows.
- 5 One cup of healing oil and wine,  
One tear drop shed on mercy's shrine,  
Is thrice more grateful, Lord ! to thee,  
Than lifted eye or bended knee.

166. C. M. WATTS.

*Justice and equity.*

- 1 COME, let us search our ways and try ;  
Have they been just and right ?  
Is the great rule of equity  
Our practice and delight ?
- 2 What we would have our neighbour do,  
Have we still done the same ?  
From others ne'er withheld the due  
Which we from others claim ?
- 3 Have we ne'er envy'd others good,  
Ne'er envy'd others' praise ?  
In no man's path malignant stood,  
Nor us'd detraction's ways ?
- 4 Have we not, deaf to his request,  
Turn'd from another's woe ?  
The scorn which wrings the suff'rer's breast,  
Have we abhorr'd to show ?

- 5 Then may we raise our modest pray'r  
    To God the just and kind ;  
    May humbly cast on him our care,  
    And hope his grace to find.
- 6 Religion's path they never trod,  
    Who equity condemn :  
    Nor ever are they just to God,  
    Who prove unjust to men.

167. L. M. SCOTT.

*Equity in worldly affairs.*

- 1 Let high or low our station be,  
    Of noble, or ignoble name,  
    By uncorrupt integrity,  
    Thy blessing, Lord, we humbly claim.
- 2 Enrich'd with that, no want we'll fear,  
    Thy providence shall be our trust ;  
    Thou wilt provide our portion here,  
    Thou friend and guardian of the just.
- 3 O may we, with sincere delight,  
    To all the task of duty pay ;  
    Tender of every social right,  
    Obedient to thy righteous sway.
- 4 Such virtue thou wilt not forget,  
    In worlds where every virtue shares  
    Rewards insur'd, not ours by debt,  
    But what thy boundless grace prepares.

## 168. C. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

*Christian love from the example of Christ.*

- 1 BEHOLD, where, breathing love divine,  
Our dying master stands !  
His weeping foll'wers gath'ring round,  
Receive his last commands.
- 2 From that mild teacher's parting lips  
What tender accents fell !  
The gentle precept which he gave,  
Became its author well.
- 3 Blest is the man, whose soft'ning heart  
Feels all another's pain ;  
To whom the supplicating eye  
Was never rais'd in vain :
- 4 Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth,  
A stranger's woe to feel ;  
And bleed in pity o'er the wound,  
He wants the pow'r to heal.
- 5 He spreads his kind supporting arms  
To ev'ry child of grief :  
His secret bounty largely flows,  
And brings unask'd relief.
- 6 To gentle offices of love  
His feet are never slow :  
He views through mercy's melting eye,  
A brother in a foe.
- 7 Peace from the bosom of his God,  
My peace to him I give ;  
And when he kneels before his throne,  
His trembling soul shall live.

- 8 To him protection shall be shown,  
And mercy from above  
Descend on those who thus fulfil  
The perfect law of love.

169. 7s. M. J. TAYLOR.

*Love to God and man.*

- 1 FATHER of our feeble race,  
Wise, beneficent, and kind,  
Spread o'er nature's ample face,  
Flows thy goodness unconfin'd :  
Musing in the silent grove,  
Or the busy walks of men,  
Still we trace thy wond'rous love,  
Claiming large returns again.
- 2 Lord, what off'rings shall be bring,  
At thine altars when we bow ?  
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring,  
Whence the kind affections flow ;  
Soft compassion's feeling soul,  
By the melting eye express'd ;  
Sympathy, at whose control,  
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast :
- 3 Willing hands to lead the blind,  
Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;  
Love, embracing all our kind,  
Charity, with lib'ral store :  
Teach us, O thou heav'nly king,  
Thus to show our grateful mind,  
Thus th' accepted off'ring bring,  
Love to thee, and all mankind.

## 170. C. M. DRENNAN.

*The law of sympathy.*

- 1 ALL nature feels attractive pow'r,  
A strong embracing force ;  
The drops that sparkle in the show'r,  
The planets in their course.
- 2 Thus, in the universe of mind,  
Is felt the law of love ;  
The charity, both strong and kind,  
For all that live and move.
- 3 In this fine sympathetic chain,  
All creatures bear a part ;  
Their ev'ry pleasure, ev'ry pain  
Link'd to the feeling heart.
- 4 More perfect bond ! the christian plan  
Attaches soul to soul ;  
Our neighbour is the suff'ring man,  
Though at the farthest pole.
- 5 To earth below, from heav'n above,  
The faith, in Christ profess'd,  
More clear reveals that God is love,  
And whom he loves is blest.

## 171. C. M. WALKER'S COL.

*The virtuous use of prosperity.*

- 1 My gracious God ! accept my pray'r :  
If e'er thy love divine  
Should prosper my well-meaning care,  
And wealth should e'er be mine:



- 2 May humble worth without a fear,  
Approach my open door :  
Nor may I ever view a tear,  
Regardless, from the poor.
- 3 O bless me with an honest mind,  
Above all selfish ends ;  
Humanely warm to all mankind,  
And cordial to my friends.
- 4 With conscious truth and honor still,  
My actions may I guide ;  
Nor know a fear, but that of ill,  
Nor scorn, but that of pride.
- 5 Thee in remembrance may I bear,  
To thee my tribute raise ;  
Conclude each day with fervent pray'r,  
And wake each morn with praise.
- 6 Thus thro' my life may I approve  
The gratitude I owe ;  
And share at length thy bliss above,  
Whose laws I keep below.

172. L. M. WATTS.

*Christian zeal tempered by charity.*

- 1 My God ! whose all-pervading eye  
Sees ev'ry passion in my soul !  
When sunk too low, or rais'd too high,  
Teach me those passions to controul.
- 2 Temper the fervours of my frame ;  
Be charity their constant spring ;

And O, let no unhallow'd flame  
Pollute the offerings I bring.

- 3 Let peace with piety unite  
To mend the bias of my will ;  
While hope and heav'n-ey'd faith excite,  
And wisdom regulates, my zeal ;
- 4 That wisdom which to meekness turns,  
Wisdom descending from above :  
And let my zeal, whene'er it burns,  
Be kindl'd by the fire of love.

173. L. M. BROWNE.

*The properties of christian charity.*

- 1 Let men of high conceit and zeal  
Their fervour and their faith proclaim :  
If charity be wanting still,  
The rest is but a sounding name.
- 2 Knowledge is apt to bloat the mind,  
And zeal to set the world on fire ;  
But charity is calm and kind,  
And gentle thoughts will still inspire.
- 3 She's meek and patient, suff'ring long,  
And slowly her resentments rise :  
Soon she forgets the greatest wrong,  
And rage retires and malice dies.
- 4 She envies none their better state,  
But makes her neighbour's bliss her own ;  
Nor vaunts herself with mind elate,  
But still a modest air puts on.

- 5 This is the grace that reigns on high,  
And brightly will forever burn ;  
When hope shall in fruition die,  
And faith to sight triumphant turn.

174. L. M. BROWNE.

*Love to all mankind.*

- 1 O God, my Father, and my king,  
Of all I have, or hope, the spring !  
Send down thy spirit from above,  
And warm my heart with holy love.
- 2 May I from ev'ry act abstain,  
That hurts or gives another pain :  
And bear a sympathizing part,  
Whene'er I meet a wounded heart.
- 3 And let my neighbour's prosp'rous state  
A mutual joy in me create ;  
His virtuous triumph let me join ;  
His peace and happiness be mine.
- 4 And tho' my neighbour's hate I prove  
Still let me vanquish hate with love ;  
And ev'ry secret wish suppress,  
That would abridge his happiness.
- 5 Let love through all my conduct shine,  
An image fair, though faint of thine !  
Thus let me his disciple prove,  
Who came to manifest thy love.

175. S. M. BIRMINGHAM COL.

*Christian unity.*

- 1 LET party names no more  
The Christian world o'erspread ;  
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,  
Are one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth  
Let mutual love be found ;  
Heirs of the same inheritance,  
With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Envy and strife, be gone,  
And only kindness known,  
Where all one common father have,  
One common master own.
- 4 Thus will the church below  
Resemble that above ;  
Where springs of purest pleasure rise,  
And every heart is love.

176. L. M. SCOTT,

*Against persecution and intolerance.*

- 1 ABSURD and vain attempt ! to bind  
With earthly bonds the free-born mind ;  
To force conviction, and reclaim  
The wand'ring, by destructive flame.
- 2 Bold arrogance ! to snatch from heav'n  
Dominion not to mortals giv'n ;  
O'er conscience to usurp the throne,  
Accountable to God alone.

- 3 Our master's gentle law of love  
Doth no such cruelties approve :  
Mild as himself, his doctrine wields  
No arms but what persuasion yields.
- 4 By proofs divine, and reason strong,  
It draws the willing mind along ;  
And conquests to his church acquires,  
By eloquence which heav'n inspires.

177. L. M. SCOTT.

*Candour.*

- 1 ALL-SEEING God ! 'tis thine to know  
The springs whence wrong opinions flow ;  
To judge from principles within,  
When frailty errs, and when we sin.
- 2 Who among men, great Lord of all !  
Thy servant to his bar shall call ?  
Judge him, for modes of faith, thy foe,  
And doom him to the realms of woe ?
- 3 Who with another's eye can read ?  
Or worship by another's creed ?  
Trusting thy grace, we form our own  
And bow to thy commands alone.
- 4 If wrong, correct ; accept, if right ;  
While faithful, we improve our light,  
Condemning none, but zealous still  
To learn and follow all thy will.
- 5 When shall our happy eyes behold,  
Thy people fashion'd in thy mould ;  
And charity our lineage prove,  
Deriv'd from thee, O God of love.

## 178. L. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

*Christian friendship.*

- 1 How blest the sacred tie that binds  
In union sweet according minds !  
How swift the heav'nly course they run,  
Whose hearts, and faith, and hopes are one !
- 2 To each the soul of each how dear !  
What jealous love, what holy fear !  
How doth the gen'rous flame within  
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin !
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow  
For human guilt and mortal woe ;  
Their ardent pray'rs together rise  
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together shall they seek the place  
Where God reveals his awful face :  
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,  
There's none but kindred souls can tell.
- 5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire  
When nature droops her sick'ning fire ;  
Then shall they meet in realms above,  
A heav'n of joy—because of love.

## 179. L. M. RIPPON'S COL.

*Patience. James i. 4.*

- 1 PATIENCE, O 'tis a grace divine  
Sent from the God of peace and love,  
That leans upon its father's arm,  
As thro' the wilds of life we rove.

- 2 By patience, we serenely bear  
The troubles of our mortal state,  
And wait contented our discharge,  
Nor think our glory comes too late.
- 3 O for this grace to aid us on,  
And arm with fortitude the breast,  
Till, life's tumultuous voyage o'er,  
We reach the shores of endless rest.
- 4 Faith into vision shall resign,  
Hope shall in full fruition die,  
And patience in possession end,  
In the bright worlds of bliss on high.

## 180. S. M. EXETER COL.

*Meekness.*

- 1 "Blest are the meek," he said,  
Whose doctrine is divine ;  
The humble minded earth possess,  
And bright in heav'n will shine.
- 2 While here on earth they stay,  
Calm peace with them shall dwell ;  
And cheerful hope and heav'nly joy  
Beyond what tongue can tell.
- 3 The God of peace is theirs ;  
They own his gracious sway ;  
And yielding all their wills to him,  
His sovereign laws obey.
- 4 No angry passions move,  
No envy fires the breast ;

The prospect of eternal peace  
Bids ev'ry trouble rest.

- 5 O gracious Father, grant  
That we this influence feel,  
That all we hope, or wish, may be  
Subjected to thy will.

181. L. M. SCOTT.

*Meekness.*

- 1 HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast,  
Clear as the summer's ev'ning ray,  
Calm as the regions of the blest,  
Enjoys on earth celestial day.
- 2 There, no confusion racks the mind  
By its own fierce ideas tost ;  
Nor reason is to rage resign'd,  
And in the whirl of passion lost.
- 3 Far hence is that fierce child of pride,  
Anger, bred up in hate and strife ;  
Ten thousand ills by whom supply'd,  
Mingle the cup of bitter life.
- 4 No friendships broke, their bosoms sting,  
No jars their peaceful tent invade ;  
Secure, beneath th' Almighty wing,  
And, foes to none, of none afraid.
- 5 Spirit of grace, all meek and mild !  
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess ;  
Repel each passion rude and wild,  
And bless us as we aim to bless.



182. S. M. SCOTT.

*Worldly anxiety reprov'd.*

- 1 Why do I thus perplex  
My life, a breath of air,  
With fears of distant ills, and vex  
My heart with fruitless care ?
- 2 Can thought and toil increase  
My days appointed sum ?  
Why waste I then my time, my peace,  
To hoard for days to come ?
- 3 Will he whose bounty gave  
My life, its food deny ?  
Who form'd my nature, apt to crave,  
Its cravings not supply ?
- 4 The tribes that wing the air,  
That neither sow nor reap,  
Send up to God their daily cry,  
Who gives them food and sleep.
- 5 Then let to-morrow's cares  
Until to-morrow stay :  
The trouble which to-day prepares,  
Suffices for to-day.
- 6 To him, these low desires,  
This sordid gain I leave,  
Who to no higher good aspires,  
Than what this world can give.
- 7 To nobler work applied,  
My soul shall upward climb ;  
And trust my father to provide  
The needful things of time.

## 183. L. M. WOTTON.

*A happy life.*

- 1 How happy is he born and taught,  
Who serveth not another's will;  
Whose armour is his honest thought,  
And simple truth, his utmost skill !
- 2 Whose passions not his masters are,  
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death,  
Unty'd to this vain world by care  
Of public fame, or private breath :
- 3 Who envies none that change doth raise ;  
Nor vice hath ever understood ;  
How deepest wounds are giv'n by praise ;  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good :
- 4 Who hath his life from rumours freed,  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat :  
Whose state can neither flatt'ers feed,  
Nor ruin make oppressors great :
- 5 Who God doth late and early pray  
More of his grace than gifts, to lend ;  
To crave for less and more obey,  
Nor dare with heav'n's high will contend.
- 6 This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise or fear to fall :  
Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

## 184. 3 &amp; 6s. M. COTTON.

*Contentment.*

- 1 LORD ! may we relish with content  
Whate'er thy lib'ral hand hath sent,  
Nor aim beyond our pow'r ;  
And if our store of wealth be small,  
With thankful hearts improve it all,  
Nor waste the present hour.
- 2 If happiness in truth we prize,  
Within our breasts this jewel lies,  
And they are fools who roam ;  
The world has little to bestow,  
From our ownselves our joys must flow ;  
Our bliss begins at home.
- 3 To be resign'd, when ills betide,  
Patient, when favours are deny'd,  
And pleas'd with favours giv'n ;  
This, gracious God ! is wisdom's part ;  
This is that incense of the heart,  
Whose fragrance reaches heav'n.
- 4 Thus thro' life's changing scenes we'll go,  
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe,  
With cautious steps we'll tread ;  
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,  
Without a trouble or a fear,  
And mingle with the dead :
- 5 While conscience, like a faithful friend,  
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,  
And cheer our dying breath ;  
Shall, when all other comforts cease,  
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,  
And smooth the bed of death.

## 185. L. M. BROWNE.

*Personal virtues.*

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, shake off the dream,  
And know thy real excellence ;  
Too long I've yielded to the stream,  
Borne down by appetite and sense.
- 2 Awake, my thought, rouse ev'ry pow'r,  
Thy native dignity display :  
Let lust and passion reign no more,  
No longer own their lawless sway.
- 3 Thy temper meek and humble be,  
Content and pleas'd with ev'ry state ;  
From dire revenge and envy free,  
And wild ambition to be great.
- 4 Confine thy roving appetites :  
From this vain world withdraw thine eyes ;  
Fix them on pure, divine delights,  
And love and live above the skies.
- 5 On wings of faith to heav'n ascend,  
By hope anticipate the feast ;  
With all thy might still upward tend,  
And leave to sensual minds the rest.

## 186. L. M. ENFIELD.

*Humility.*

- 1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,  
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,  
Lives but the insect of a day—  
O why should mortal man be proud ?

- 2 His brightest visions just appear,  
Then vanish, and no more are found ;  
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,  
A breath may level with the ground.
- 3 By doubt perplex'd, in error lost,  
With trembling step he seeks his way :  
How vain of wisdom's gift the boast !  
Of reason's lamp, how faint the ray !
- 4 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,  
Are crowded in life's little span :  
How ill, alas ! does pride become  
That erring, guilty creature, man !
- 5 God of my life ! Father divine !  
Give me a meek and lowly mind :  
In modest worth, O let me shine,  
And peace in humble virtue find.

187. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Communing with our hearts.*

- 1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,  
And chase these shadowy forms no more ;  
Seek out some solitude to mourn,  
And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home ;  
Retir'd and silent seek them there ;  
This is the way to overcome,  
The way to break temptation's snare.
- 3 And thou, my God ! whose piercing eye  
Distinct surveys each deep recess,

In these abstracted hours draw nigh,  
And with thy presence fill the place.

- 4 Through all the mazes of my heart,  
My search let heaven'ly wisdom guide ;  
And still its radiant beams impart,  
Till all be search'd and purified.
- 5 Then, with the visits of thy love,  
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer ;  
Till ev'ry grace shall join to prove,  
That God hath fix'd his dwelling there.

188. C. M. COWPER.

*Religious retirement.*

- 1 FAR from the world,\* O LORD! I flee,  
From strife and tumult far ;  
From scenes where sin is waging still,  
Its most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With pray'r and praise agree ;  
And seem by thy sweet bounty made,  
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy presence cheer the soul,  
And grace her mean abode ;  
O with what peace, and joy, and love,  
She communes with her God !
- 4 There like the nightingale, she pours  
Her solitary lays ;  
Nor asks a witness of her song,  
Nor thirsts for human praise.

- 5 Author and Guardian of my life,  
Sweet source of light divine ;  
And all harmonious names in one,  
My Father—thou art mine !
- 6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,  
A boundless, endless store,  
Shall echo thro' the realms above,  
When time shall be no more.

189. L. M. WATTS.

*Retirement and meditation.*

- 1 My God ! permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and thee :  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heav'nly birth ?  
Why should I cleave to thing below,  
And let my God, my Father, go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;  
Thy gracious word can draw me thence :  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn ;  
Let noise and vanity be gone :  
In secret silence of the mind,  
My heav'n, and there my God, I find.

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190. C. M. BIRMINGHAM COL.

*Want of religious zeal lamented.*

- 1 FATHER, thy gracious aid impart  
To bend our wills to thine ;  
Melt our whole souls, and let them flow,  
And take the mould divine.
- 2 Vainly we've heard the truth enforc'd  
Thou hast by Jesus giv'n ;  
Yet small our knowledge yet remains,  
And faint our hope of heav'n.
- 3 O deep impress that perfect law,  
Which noblest freedom gives :  
And let it all our souls refine,  
And sanctify our lives.
- 4 Not with a transient glance survey'd,  
And in an hour forgot,  
But deep inscrib'd on ev'ry heart,  
To reign o'er ev'ry thought.
- 5 Then shall our feet no more depart,  
But by thy precepts move ;  
Devotion then shall fire the breast,  
And the whole soul be love.
- 6 Then shall the sun not more than we,  
Perform his Maker's will,  
Nor with a swifter duty fly,  
His pleasure to fulfil.



## 191. 7s. M. MERRICK.

*Freedom from error, guilt, and folly. Ps. xix. 15.*

- 1 BLEST instructor! from thy ways,  
Who can tell how oft he strays?  
Save from error's growth our mind,  
Leave not, Lord, one root behind.
- 2 Purge us from the guilt that lies  
Wrapt within our hearts' disguise;  
Let us thence, by thee renew'd,  
Each presumptuous sin exclude.
- 3 So our lot shall ne'er be join'd  
With the men, whose impious mind,  
Fearless of thy just command,  
Braves the vengeance of thy hand.
- 4 Let our tongues, from error free,  
Speak the words approv'd by thee:  
To thine all-observing eyes  
Let our thoughts accepted rise.
- 5 While we thus thy name adore,  
And thy healing grace implore,  
Blest instructor! bow thine ear:  
God our strength! propitious hear.

## 192. 7s. M. J. TAYLOR.

*A penitential hymn.*

- 1 God of mercy! God of love!  
Hear our sad repentant song;  
Sorrow dwells on ev'ry face,  
Penitence on ev'ry tongue.

- 2 Deep regret for follies past,  
Talents wasted, time misspent ;  
Hearts debas'd by worldly cares,  
Thankless for the blessings lent—
- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,  
Vain regrets for things as vain ;  
Lips too seldom taught to praise,  
Oft to murmur and complain—
- 4 These, and ev'ry secret fault,  
Fill'd with grief and shame we own ;  
Humbled at thy feet we lie,  
Seeking pardon from thy throne.
- 5 God of mercy ! God of grace !  
Hear our sad repentant songs ;  
O restore thy suppliant race,  
Thou to whom our praise belongs !

193. L. M. MERRICK.

*The prayer of the penitent.*

- 1 O TURN, great ruler of the skies !  
'Turn from my sins thy searching eyes !  
My mind from ev'ry fear release,  
And sooth my troubled thoughts to peace.
- 2 Prompt is thy pow'r, when ills invade,  
The weak and contrite soul to aid ;  
Then let thy clemency divine  
Conspicuous in my pardon shine.
- 3 Searcher of hearts ! my thoughts review ;  
With kind severity pursue

Through each disguise thy servant's mind,  
Nor leave one stain of guilt behind.

- 4 Give me a will to thine subdu'd,  
A conscience pure, a soul renew'd ;  
Nor let me, wrapt in endless gloom,  
An outcast from thy presence roam.

- 5 The heart, that, taught its guilt to know,  
Repentant heaves with inward woe,  
Shall find its prayers, its groans, its sighs,  
To thee in full acceptance rise.

194. C. M. COWPER.

*Human frailty.*

- 1 WEAK and irresolute is man :  
The purpose of to-day,  
Woven with pains into his plan,  
To-morrow rends away.
- 2 Some foe to his upright intent,  
Finds out his weaker part ;  
Virtue engages his assent,  
But pleasure wins his heart.
- 3 Life's voyage is of awful length,  
Thro' dangers little known :  
A stranger to superior strength,  
Man vainly trusts his own.
- 4 But oars alone can ne'er prevail,  
To reach the distant coast ;  
The breath of heav'n must swell the sail,  
Or all the toil is lost.

## 195. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Inconstancy in the christian life lamented.*

- 1 PERPETUAL Source of light and grace !  
We hail thy sacred name ;  
Through ev'ry year's revolving round,  
Thy goodness is the same.
- 2 On us, unworthy as we are,  
Its wondrous mercy pours ;  
Sure as the heav'ns establish'd course,  
And plenteous as the show'rs.
- 3 Inconstant service we repay,  
And treach'rous vows renew ;  
False as the morning's scatt'ring cloud,  
And transient as the dew.
- 4 Low at thy feet our guilt we mourn,  
And loud implore thy grace,  
To bear our feeble footsteps on,  
In all thy righteous ways.
- 5 Arm'd with this energy divine,  
Our souls shall constant prove,  
And, with increasing transport, press  
On to thy courts above.
- 6 So, by thy pow'r, the morning sun  
Pursues his radiant way,  
Brightens each moment in his race,  
And shines to perfect day.

## 196. S. M. MRS. STEELE.

*Absence from God.*

- 1 O THOU, whose mercy hears  
Contrition's humble sigh ;  
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears  
From sorrow's weeping eye !
- 2 See ! low before thy throne  
A wretched wand'rer mourn ;  
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?  
Hast thou not said return ?
- 3 Absent from thee, my light !  
Without one cheering ray ;  
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,  
How desolate my way !
- 4 On this benighted heart  
With beams of mercy shine ;  
And let thy healing voice impart  
A taste of joys divine.
- 5 Thy presence can bestow  
Delights which never cloy :  
Be this my solace here below,  
And my eternal joy !

## 197. L. M. PATRICK.

*Hope in the mercy of God. Ps. cxxx.*

- 1 O GOD ! thy humble suppliants hear,  
Opprest with guilt, or grief or care ;  
Tho' sunk, we ne'er can sink so low,  
But thou canst hear the voice of woe.

- 2 Shouldst thou against each evil deed,  
In strict severity proceed ;  
By merit, without mercy, try'd,  
None could be clear'd, and justify'd.
- 3 But thou forgiveness dost proclaim,  
That men may turn and fear thy name ;  
To thy rich grace, O Lord ! we fly,  
And on thy promises rely.
- 4 Then save a penitent, O Lord !  
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,  
Seeks for some precious promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.
- 5 Ye contrite hearts who guilt deplore !  
Come seek his face and sin no more ;  
Then shall we know that God is kind,  
And full redemption with him find.

198. C. M. ADDISON.

*Hope of divine mercy.*

- 1 WHEN rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,  
I see my Maker face to face,  
O how shalt I appear !
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,  
And mercy may be sought,  
My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought:
- 3 When thou, O Lord ! shalt stand disclos'd  
In majesty severe,

And sit in judgment on my soul ;  
O how shall I appear !

4 But there's forgiveness, Lord, with thee ;  
Thy nature is benign ;  
Thy pard'ning mercy I implore,  
For mercy, Lord, is thine.

5 O let thy boundless mercy shine  
On my benighted soul !  
Correct my passions, mend my heart,  
And all my fears control.

6 And may I taste thy richer grace  
In that decisive hour,  
When Christ to judgment shall descend,  
And time shall be no more.

199. C. M. JERVIS.

*Peace to the returning penitent.*

1 How sweet the friendly voice that speaks  
The words of life and peace ;  
Which bids the penitent rejoice,  
And sin and sorrow cease.

2 No healing balm on earth like this,  
Can cheer the contrite heart ;  
No flatt'ring dreams of earthly bliss,  
Such pure delight impart.

3 Thou still art merciful and kind ;  
Thy mercy, Lord ! reveal :  
The broken heart 'tis thou canst bind,  
The wounded spirit heal.

- 4 Let thy bright presence, Lord ! restore  
Peace to my anxious breast :  
Conduct me in the path that leads  
To everlasting rest.
- 5 Thou canst restrain wild passion's sway,  
The pow'r of vice control ;  
Restore bright reason's ray divine,  
To purify the soul.
- 6 Let me no more, with wilful mind,  
Thy righteous laws offend :  
Then shall I know nor guilt nor fear,  
If thou be still my friend.

200. L. M. JERVIS.

*The guilty mind relieved by the hope of forgiveness.*

- 1 WHILE, with remorse and woe opprest,  
Distraction haunts the guilty breast ;  
The broken heart, the troubl'd mind,  
In God alone shall succour find
- 2 'Tis his the wounds of vice to heal ;  
The charms of mercy to reveal ;  
He grants the penitent relief,  
And cheers the soul o'erwhelm'd with grief.
- 3 When by temptation's billows tost,  
On rocks of ruin well nigh lost ;  
Still, hope, the anchor of the soul,  
Shall folly's beating wave control.
- 4 To all the world's delusive joys,  
Ensnaring wiles, and empty noise,



The sinner bids a long farewell,  
And loves with purity to dwell.

- 5 In her secure and calm retreat,  
He now enjoys a tranquil state :  
Conscious that God will deign to hear  
The contrite, humble, and sincere.

201. C. M. MRS. CARTER.

*The mercy of God.*

- 1 O THOU, the wretched's sure retreat,  
Who dost our cares control,  
And with the cheerful smile of peace  
Revive the fainting soul !
- 2 Did ever thy propitious ear  
The humble plea disdain ?  
Or when did plaintive mis'ry sigh,  
Or supplicate in vain ?
- 3 Oppress'd, with grief and shame, dissolv'd  
In penitential tears ;  
Thy goodness calms our anxious doubts,  
And dissipates our fears.
- 4 New life from thy refreshing grace  
Our sinking hearts receive :  
Thy gentlest, best-lov'd attribute,  
To pity and forgive.
- 5 From that blest source, propitious hope  
Appears serenely bright,  
And sheds her soft and cheering beam  
O'er sorrow's dismal night.

- 6 Our hearts adore thy mercy, Lord,  
And bless the friendly ray,  
Which ushers in the smiling morn  
Of everlasting day.
- 

202. C. M. MRS. CARTER.

*The lasting satisfactions of a virtuous course.*

- 1 THE sacred joy which virtue brings,  
The lasting joy of truth,  
Depends not on the blooming scene,  
The scene of transient youth.
- 2 Through nature's great and constant change,  
Unconscious of decay,  
It views unmov'd the scythe of time  
Sweep all besides away.
- 3 Fix'd on their own unchanging base,  
Eternal are these joys;  
While borne on transitory wings  
Each mortal pleasure flies.
- 4 While ev'ry short-liv'd flower of sense,  
Destructive years consume,  
Through virtue's fair, delightful walk,  
Unfading myrtles bloom.
- 5 Nor with the narrow bounds of time  
The beauteous prospect ends,  
But lengthen'd through the vale of death,  
To paradise extends.

## 203. C. M. EXETER COL.

*The influence of habitual piety.*

- 1 BLESSED is the man who fears thee, Lord !  
His well establish'd mind,  
In ev'ry varying scene of life,  
Shall true composure find.
- 2 Oft thro' the deep and stormy sea,  
The heav'nly footsteps lie ;  
But on a glorious world beyond,  
His faith can fix its eye.
- 3 Though dark his present prospects be,  
And sorrows round him dwell,  
Yet hope can whisper to his soul,  
That all shall issue well.
- 4 Full in the presence of his God,  
Thro' ev'ry scene he goes ;  
And fearing him, no other fear  
His steadfast bosom knows.
- 5 No dangers can his soul alarm,  
No gloomy views affright ;  
For faith assures his humble heart,  
Whatever is, is right.

## 204. C. M. SALISBURY COL.

*The inward life of the christian.*

- 1 O HAPPY soul, that lives on high,  
While men lie grov'ling here !  
His hopes are fix'd above the sky,  
And faith forbids his fear.

- 2 His conscience knows no secret stings,  
While grace and joy combine  
To form a life, whose holy springs  
Are hidden and divine.
- 3 He waits in secret on his God ;  
His God in secret sees :  
Let earth be all in arms abroad,  
He dwells in heav'nly peace.
- 4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,  
Beyond this world and time ;  
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,  
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.
- 5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne  
To raise his honours here ;  
Content and pleas'd to live unknown,  
Till Christ his life appear.

205. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

*God the Christian's Refuge.*

- 1 WHEN storms hang o'er the Christian's head,  
He flies to meet his God ;  
And under his refreshing shade  
Finds a secure abode.
- 2 When foes without, and fears within,  
Seek to disturb his peace,  
To God he makes his sorrows known,  
And straight his sorrows cease.
- 3 But when tremendous terrors seize,  
Where will the sinner fly ?

He feels a thousand agonies,  
And no deliv'rer nigh !

4 Then fly, my soul, the tents of sin ;  
How false her joys appear !  
Noise and confusion dwell within ;  
Peace is a stranger there.

5 The men who keep the laws of God,  
His choicest blessings share ;  
Or if he lifts his chast'ning rod,  
'Tis with a Father's care."

6 His mighty pow'r shall guard the just,  
His wisdom point their way ;  
His eye shall watch their sleeping dust,  
His hand revive their clay.

206.    L. M.    COTTON.

*A good conscience the best support.*

1 WHILE some in folly's pleasures roll,  
And court the joys which hurt the soul ;  
Be mine, that silent calm repast,  
A peaceful conscience to the last :

2 That tree which bears immortal fruit,  
Without a canker at the root ;  
That friend, who never fails the just,  
When other friends betray their trust.

3 With this companion in the shade,  
My soul no more shall be dismay'd ;  
But fearless meet the midnight gloom,  
And the pale monarch of the tomb,

- 4 Though heav'n afflict, I'll not repine :  
The noblest comforts still are mine ;  
Comforts which ever death prevail,  
And journey with me through the vale.
- 5 Amidst the various scene of ills,  
Each stroke some kind design fulfils :  
And shall I murmur at my God,  
When love supreme directs the rod ?
- 6 His hand will smooth my rugged way,  
And lead me to the realms of day ;  
To milder skies and brighter plains,  
Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

207. C. M. E. AIKIN.

*The condition of the virtuous alone secure.*

- 1 BLEST, who the fellowship of sin  
Has early learnt to fly ;  
Who hates the bold blaspheming tongue,  
The scorner's vanity.
- 2 The word to man divinely giv'n  
Employs his constant care,  
The busy day, the wakeful night,  
This heav'nly study share.
- 3 As the fair palm in fertile fields,  
Where gentle springs abound,  
In youthful vigour freshly blooms,  
And tow'rs above the ground ;
- 4 Long years increase its hardy strength,  
And rear its honours high,

Firm fix'd below, it braves the storm,  
Its fruits are in the sky.

5 Thus firm in faith, the virtuous man  
Shall rise divinely blest,  
The storms of life unshaken bear,  
And find immortal rest.

6 But sinners' hopes, unsound as chaff,  
Light as the misty air,  
Shall fly before the heav'nly wrath,  
And end in deep despair.

208. L. M. BLACKLOCK.

*Virtue, the source of peace.*

- 1 How blest the man, how more than blest,  
Whose heart no guilty thoughts employ !  
God's endless sunshine fills his breast,  
And conscience whispers peace and joy.
- 2 Pure rectitude's unerring way  
His heav'n-conducted steps pursue ;  
While crowds in guilt and error stray,  
Unstain'd his soul, and bright his view.
- 3 By God's almighty arm sustain'd,  
True virtue soon or late shall rise ;  
Enjoy her conquest, nobly gain'd,  
And share the triumph of the skies.
- 4 But fools, to sacred wisdom blind,  
Who vice's tempting call obey,  
A diff'rent fate shall quickly find,  
And fall, the whirlwind's easy prey.

209. C. M.

*God's chastisements not vindictive.*

- 1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame !  
We own thy pow'r divine ;  
We hear thy breath in ev'ry storm,  
For all the winds are thine.
- 2 The hand that now withholds my joys,  
Can reinstate my peace ;  
And he who bade the tempest roar,  
Can bid the tempest cease.
- 3 How oft, when black misfortune's band  
Around their victim stood,  
The seeming ill at thy rebuke,  
Hath chang'd to real good.
- 4 This truth oft shown, shall teach me well,  
To feel for other's woe ;  
And humbly seek with deep concern,  
My own defects to know.
- 5 'Tis no vindictive stroke, that doth  
Our bosoms kindly free  
From earthly care and sensual joy,  
And turn our thoughts to thee.
- 6 Thy mercy tempers ev'ry blast,  
To them that seek thy face ;  
And mingles with the whirlwind's roar,  
The whispers of thy grace.



## 210. L. M. NEEDHAM.

*The kind purposes of the calamities of life.*

- 1 FROM no relentless fate's dark womb,  
Nor from the dust our troubles come ;  
No fickle chance presides o'er grief,  
To cause the pain, or send relief.
- 2 Look up, and see, ye sorrowing saints !  
The cause and cure of your complaints :  
Know, 'tis your heav'nly father's will :  
Bid ev'ry murmur then be still.
- 3 He sees we need the painful yoke ;  
Yet love directs his heaviest stroke ;  
He takes no pleasure in our smart,  
But wounds to heal, and cheer the heart.
- 4 Blest trials those that cleanse from sin,  
And make the soul all pure within ;  
Wean the fond mind from earthly toys,  
To seek and taste celestial joys !

## 211. C. M. COWPER.

*The mystery and benignity of providence.*

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform :  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his great designs,  
And works his sov'reign will.

- 3 Ye fearful saints ! fresh courage take :  
The clouds ye so much dread,  
Are big with mercy, and will break  
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace :  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding ev'ry hour :  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain :  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

212. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

*The comforts of religion.*

- 1 WHEN gloomy thoughts and boding fears  
The trembling heart invade,  
And all the face of nature wears  
An universal shade :
- 2 Religion's dictates can assuage  
The tempest of the soul ;  
And ev'ry storm shall cease to rage,  
At her divine control.
- 3 Thro' life's bewilder'd, darksome way,  
Her hand unerring leads ;

And o'er the path her heav'nly ray  
A cheering lustre sheds.

4 When feeble reason, tir'd and blind,  
Sinks helpless and afraid ;  
Thou blest supporter of the mind,  
How pow'rful is thine aid !

5 O let my heart confess thy pow'r,  
And find thy sweet relief,  
To brighten ev'ry gloomy hour,  
And soften ev'ry grief.

213. C. M. JERVIS.

*Consolatory views of nature and providence.*

1 THE God of heav'n is kind and just :—  
O let not man complain,  
His righteous providence distrust,  
His high decrees arraign.

2 Though clouds should darken all the scene,  
Be this thy steadfast aim,  
Still to preserve a mind serene,  
And free from guilt and shame.

3 The lowliest flow'rs that deck the field,  
Thy mute instructors are ;  
And wholesome admonition yield  
Against corroding care.

4 Oh ! listen to kind nature's voice :  
To heav'n direct thine eyes ;  
There nobler objects claim thy choice,  
And brighter prospects rise.

- 5 Far from anxiety and care,  
Still seek that blissful shore,  
Where discontent and dark despair  
Shall rend thy heart no more.

214. C. M. JERVIS.

*God the only source of consolation.*

- 1 To calm the sorrows of the mind,  
Our heav'nly friend is nigh,  
To wipe the anxious tear that starts,  
Or trembles in the eye.
- 2 Thou canst, when anguish rends the heart,  
The secret woe control ;  
The inward malady canst heal,  
The sickness of the soul.
- 3 Thou canst repress the rising sigh,  
Canst sooth each mortal care ;  
And ev'ry deep and heart-felt groan  
Is wafted to thine ear.
- 4 Thy gracious eye is watchful still ;  
Thy potent arm can save  
From threat'ning danger and disease,  
And the devouring grave.
- 5 When, pale and languid all the frame,  
The ruthless hand of pain  
Arrests the feeble pow'rs of life,  
The help of man is vain.
- 6 'Tis thou, great God ! alone canst check  
The progress of disease ;

And sickness, aw'd by pow'r divine,  
The high command obeys.

- 7 Eternal source of life and health,  
And ev'ry bliss we feel !  
In sorrow and in joy, to thee  
Our grateful hearts appeal.

.    215.    C. M.

*The present and future safety of the christian.*

- 1 Ye trembling souls ! dismiss your fears ;  
Be mercy all your theme ;  
Mercy, which like a river flows  
In one continued stream.
- 2 Fear not the pow'rs of earth and hell ;  
God will these pow'rs restrain ;  
His mighty arm their rage repel,  
And make their efforts vain.
- 3 Fear not the want of outward good ;  
He will for his provide,  
Grant them supplies of daily food,  
And give them heav'n beside.
- 4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,  
Or leave his work undone :  
He's faithful to his promises,  
And faithful to his Son.
- 5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,  
Nor death's tremendous sting :  
He will from endless wrath preserve,  
To endless glory bring.

- 6 You in his wisdom, pow'r, and grace,  
May confidently trust :  
His wisdom guides, his pow'r protects,  
His grace rewards the just.

216. C. M. WATTS.

*Virtuous resolutions.*

- 1 O MAY thy statutes, gracious God !  
Dwell deep within my mind !  
Thence I derive a quick'ning pow'r,  
And daily peace I find.
- 2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord !  
Shall be my sweet employ :  
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,  
My source of purest joy.
- 3 How would I run in thy commands,  
If thou my heart discharge  
From vice and passion's hateful bands,  
And set my feet at large !
- 4 My lips with courage shall declare  
Thy statutes and thy name,  
Whatever loss or scorn I bear,  
Nor yield to sinful shame.
- 5 Thus shall thy saints unweary'd tread  
The path of life divine ;  
With growing ardour onward move,  
With growing brightness shine.
- 6 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar ;  
The wings of faith and love ;

Till, past the cloudy regions here,  
They rise to heav'n above.

217. L. M. WATTS.

*A conversation becoming the gospel.*

- 1 So let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess,  
So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honours of our Saviour God,  
When the salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,  
Passion and envy, lust and pride,  
While justice, temp'rance, truth and love,  
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 What though we drink of sorrows' cup,  
Religion bears our spirits up,  
Hope waits the coming of the Lord,  
And faith stands leaning on his word.

218. 8. & 6s. M. H. MOORE.

*The unrivalled beauty and glory of religion.*

- 1 Soft are the fruitful show'rs that bring  
The welcome promise of the spring,  
And soft the vernal gale;  
Sweet the wild warblings of the grove,  
The voice of nature and of love,  
That gladden every vale.

- 2 But softer in the mourner's ear  
Sounds the mild voice of mercy near,  
That whispers sins forgiv'n ;  
And sweeter far the music swells,  
When to the raptur'd soul she tells  
Of peace and promis'd heav'n.
- 3 Fair are the flow'rs that deck the ground ;  
And groves and gardens blooming round,  
Unnumber'd charms unfold :  
Bright is the sun's meridian ray,  
And bright the beams of setting day,  
That robe the clouds in gold.
- 4 But far more fair the pious breast,  
In richer robes of goodness drest,  
Where heav'n's own graces shine ;  
And brighter far the prospects rise,  
That burst on faith's delighted eyes,  
From glories all divine.

219. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

*Exemplary virtue.*

- 1 ~~AN~~ worldly souls, who strive in vain,  
To folly slaves, and slaves to sin !  
May I a nobler toil sustain,  
And nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 May I resolve with all my heart,  
With all my pow'rs to serve thee, Lord ;  
Nor from thy precepts e'er depart,  
Whose service is a rich reward.



- 3 O be that service all my joy !  
Around let my example shine,  
Till others love the blest employ,  
And join in labours so divine.
- 4 Be this the purpose of my soul,  
My solemn, my determin'd choice,  
To yield to thy supreme control,  
And in thy kind commands rejoice.
- 5 O may I never faint nor tire,  
Nor, wand'ring, leave thy sacred ways ;  
Great God ! accept my soul's desire,  
And give me strength to live thy praise.

220. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The one thing needful.*

- 1 WHY do we waste on trifling cares,  
The lives divine compassion spares,  
While, in the various range of thought,  
The one thing needful is forgot ?
- 2 Our Father calls us from above,  
Our Saviour pleads his dying love,  
Awakened conscience gives us pain ;  
Shall all these pleas unite in vain ?
- 3 Not so, our dying eyes will view  
The objects which we now pursue ;  
Not so eternity appear,  
When death's decisive hour is near.
- 4 From vital air, from cheerful light,  
To the cold grave's perpetual night,

From scenes of duty, means of grace,  
Must we to God's tribunal pass.

- 5 Then wake, my soul, thy way prepare,  
And lose in this each meaner care ;  
With steady step that path be trod,  
Which thro' the grave conducts to God.
- 6 Almighty Pow'r ! thine aid impart  
To fix conviction on the heart :  
Thy pow'r can clear the darkest eyes,  
And make the haughtiest scorner wise.

221. 6l. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The transitory nature of the world.*

- 1 ASCEND, my soul, with ardent flight,  
Nor let this earth delude thy sight  
With glitt'ring trifles, gay and vain :  
Wisdom divine directs thy view  
To objects ever grand and new,  
And faith displays the shining train.
- 2 Be dead, my hopes, to all below ;  
Nor let unbounded torrents flow,  
When mourning o'er my wither'd joys :  
So this deceitful world is known ;  
Possess'd, I call it not my own,  
Nor glory in its painted toys.
- 3 The empty pageant rolls along ;  
The giddy, inexperience'd throng  
Pursue it with enchanted eyes :  
It passeth in swift march away,  
Still more and more its charms decay,  
Till the last gaudy colour dies.

- 4 My God! to thee my soul shall turn ;  
For thee my noblest passions burn,  
And drink in bliss from thee alone :  
I fix on that unchanging home,  
Where never-fading pleasures bloom,  
Fresh-springing round thy radiant throne.

222. L. M. WATTS.

*The day of mercy and hope.*

- 1 LIFE is the time to serve thee, Lord !  
The time t' insure thy great reward ;  
And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
To thee the sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour that thou hast giv'n,  
To fit us for the joys of heav'n ;  
The day of grace, and mortals may  
Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 The living know that they must die ;  
But all the dead unconscious lie ;  
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,  
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 There are no acts of pardon past  
In the cold grave to which we haste ;  
Oblivion, darkness, and despair,  
Still reign in gloomy silence there.
- 5 Then the great work we have to do,  
Let us with all our might pursue :  
And wisely ev'ry hour employ,  
Till faith and hope are lost in joy.

## 223. L. M. H. MOORE.

*Heavenly guidance implored.*

- 1 **AMIDST** a world of hopes and fears,  
A wild of cares, and toils, and tears,  
Where foes alarm and dangers threat,  
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat :
- 2 Shed down, O Lord ! a heav'nly ray  
To guide me in the doubtful way ;  
And o'er me hold thy shield of pow'r,  
To guard me in the dang'rous hour.
- 3 Each noble principle impart ;  
The faith which sanctifies the heart,  
Hope that to heav'n's high vault aspires,  
And love that warms with chastest fires.
- 4 Teach me the flatt'ring paths to shun,  
In which the thoughtless many run,  
Who for a shade the substance miss,  
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.
- 5 May never pleasure, wealth or pride,  
Allure my wand'ring soul aside ;  
But thro' this maze of mortal ill,  
Safe lead me to thy heav'nly hill.

## 224. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Christian watchfulness.*

- 1 **AWAKE**, my torpid soul ! awake,  
And view the threat'ning scene :

Legions of foes encamp around,  
And treach'ry lurks within.

2 'Tis not this mortal life alone  
These enemies assail ;  
How canst thou hope for future bliss,  
If their attempts prevail ?

3 Not many years their round shall run,  
Not many mornings rise,  
Ere all its grandeur stands reveal'd  
To my admiring eyes.

4 Then to the work of God awake—  
Behold thy master near—  
The various, arduous task pursue  
With vigour, and with fear.

5 The awful register goes on,  
Th' account will surely come,  
And op'ning day, or closing night  
May bear me to my doom.

6 Tremendous thought ! how deep it strikes !  
Yet like a dream it flies,  
Till God's own voice the slumbers chase  
From these deluded eyes.

225. S. M. J. TAYLOR.

*The support of religion in temptation and danger.*

1 LIFE is a chequer'd road,  
Where mingle thorns and flow'rs ;  
Fair smiles the morn in beauty drest,  
But ah ! the evening low'rs.

- 2 Smooth ebbs the slumb'ring wave ;  
We tempt the briny way ;  
But dark'ning skies and rising winds  
Our sinking hearts dismay.
- 3 " Oh, ye of little faith,"  
Why droop your hearts with fear ?  
Though thousand dangers press around,  
Your Father's arm is near.
- 4 To try your wavering souls,  
Temptation spreads its toils ;  
But wisdom nor defies its power,  
Nor trusts its treach'rous smiles.
- 5 She puts her armour on,  
Her heav'nly-temper'd shield,  
Her breast-plate of celestial mould ;  
But asks no sword to wield.
- 6 Faith is her watch-word still,  
Her bulwark innocence ;  
Salvation on her banner flames,  
And heav'n's her recompence.

226. L. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

*The christian warfare.*

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! lift up thine eyes ;  
See where thy foes against thee rise,  
In long array, a num'rous host ;  
Awake, my soul ! or thou art lost.
- 2 Here giant danger threat'ning stands,  
Must'ring his pale, terrific bands ;

There pleasure's silken banners spread,  
And willing souls are captive led.

3 See where rebellious passions rage,  
And fierce desires and lusts engage ;  
The meanest foe of all the train  
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

4 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground ;  
Perils and snares beset thee round ;  
Beware of all ; guard ev'ry part ;  
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

5 Come then, my soul ! now learn to wield  
The weight of thy immortal shield ;  
Put on the armour from above  
Of heav'nly truth, and heav'nly love.

6 The terror and the charm repel,  
And pow'rs of earth, and pow'rs of hell ;  
The man of Calv'ry triumph'd here :  
Why should his faithful foll'wers fear ?

227. C. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

*The pilgrim age of life.*

1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground ;  
We seek that promis'd soil :  
The songs of Sion cheers our hearts,  
While strangers here we toil.

2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,  
And oft are bath'd in tears ;  
Yet nought but heav'n our hopes can raise,  
And nought but sin our fears.

- 3 The flow'rs that spring along the road,  
We scarcely stoop to pluck ;  
We walk o'er beds of shining ore,  
Nor waste one wishful look.
- 4 We tread the path our master trod :  
We bear the cross he bore ;  
And ev'ry thorn that wounds our feet,  
His temples pierc'd before.
- 5 Our pow'rs are oft dissolv'd away  
In ecstasies of love ;  
And while our bodies wander here,  
Our souls are fix'd above.
- 6 We purge our mortal dross away,  
Refining as we run ;  
But while we die to earth and sense,  
Our heav'n is here begun.

228. C. M. LOGAN.

*The prayer of Jacob.*

- 1 O God of Abram, by whose hand  
Thine Isr'el still is fed ;  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led :
- 2 Our humble vows we now present  
Before thy throne of grace ;  
God of our fathers ! be the God  
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Be thou, through each perplexing path  
Our constant guard and guide ;



Our nature's calls each day supply ;  
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy cov'ring shield around,  
Till these our wand'rings cease,  
And at our Father's lov'd abode  
We rest at last in peace ;

5 Now in the humble voice of prayer,  
Thy favour we implore ;  
Then, with the grateful song of praise,  
That mercy we'll adore.

229. C. M. EXETER COL.

*Imploring the divine protection. Prov. iii. 5. 6.*

1 LORD ! thro' the dubious path of life  
Thy feeble servant guide !  
Supported by thy pow'rful aid,  
My footsteps shall not slide.

2 Let others, swell'd with empty pride,  
Of wisdom make their boast :  
My wisdom and my strength must come  
From thee, the Lord of hosts.

3 To thee, O my unerring guide !  
I would myself resign ;  
In all my ways acknowledge thee,  
And form my will to thine.

4 In safety may thy creature rest  
On thy sustaining arm ;  
Extended still, and strong to save  
In danger and alarm.

- 5 Thus shall each blessing of thy hand  
Be doubly sweet to me ;  
And in new griefs I still shall have  
A refuge, Lord, in thee.
- 6 O let thy gracious presence chase  
Each anxious fear away ;  
Amid the ruins of the world,  
Our guardian and our stay.

230. L. M. SALISBURY COL.

*God the leader of his people.*

- 1 O GOD of our forefathers ! hear,  
And make thy faithful mercies known,  
While we with confidence draw near,  
And place our trust on thee alone.
- 2 Arise, as in the ancient days,  
(The ancient annals speak thy fame,)  
Be now omnipotently nigh,  
To endless ages still the same.
- 3 From Egypt when thy chosen race  
Triumphant urg'd their wond'rous way,  
Divinely led, behold they pass  
Th' unwat'ry deep, the empty'd sea :
- 4 At distance heap'd on either hand,  
Yielding a strange unbeaten road,  
In crystal walls the waters stand,  
And own the arm of Israel's God.
- 5 That arm which is not shorten'd now,  
Which wants not now the pow'r to save,

Shall present with thy people still,  
Bear them o'er life's tumultuous wave.

- 6 By earth and hell pursu'd in vain,  
To thee thy chosen seed shall come,  
Shouting their heav'nly Canaan gain,  
And pass through death triumphant home.

231. C. M. WATTS.

*The vanity of earthly enjoyments.*

- 1 How vain are all things here below !  
How false, and yet how fair !  
Each pleasure has its poison too,  
And ev'ry sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky  
Give but a flatt'ring light ;  
We should suspect some danger near,  
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Pleasure's delusive form we trace,  
Or dig for shining ore ;  
At honour's gaudy shrine we bow,  
Or grasp at boundless pow'r.
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,  
How strong it strikes the sense !  
Thither the warm affections move,  
'Tis hard to call them thence.
- 5 The living spring neglected flows  
Full in our daily view ;  
Yet we with anxious, fruitless toil,  
These broken cisterns hew.

- 6 Be faith, and hope, and love divine,  
My soul's eternal food ;  
And wean this fond, this restless heart  
From all created good.

232. 7s. M. MRS. STEELE.

*Complete happiness not designed for men on earth.*

- 1 PROVIDENCE, profusely kind,  
Wheresoe'er you turn your eyes,  
Bids you with a grateful mind  
View a thousand blessings rise.
- 2 But, perhaps, some friendly voice  
Softly whispers to your mind—  
Make not these alone your choice,  
Heav'n has blessings more refin'd.
- 3 Thankful own what you enjoy ;  
But a changing world like this,  
Where a thousand fears annoy,  
Cannot give you perfect bliss.
- 4 Perfect bliss resides above,  
Far above yon azure sky ;  
Bliss that merits all your love,  
Merits every anxious sigh.
- 5 What like this has earth to give ?  
O ye righteous ! in your breast  
Let the admonition live,  
Nor on earth desire to rest.

- 4 My God! to thee my/soul shall turn ;  
For thee my noblest passions burn,  
And drink in-bliss from thee alone :  
I fix on that unchanging home,  
Where never-fading pleasures bloom,  
Fresh-springing round thy radiant throne.

222. L. K. WATTS.

*The day of mercy and hope.*

- 1 LIFE is the time to serve thee, Lord !  
The time t' insure thy great reward ;  
And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
To thee the sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour that thou hast giv'n,  
To fit us for the joys of heav'n ;  
The day of grace, and mortals may  
Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 The living know that they must die ;  
But all the dead unconscious lie ;  
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,  
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 There are no acts of pardon past  
In the cold grave to which we haste ;  
Oblivion, darkness, and despair,  
Still reign in gloomy silence there.
- 5 Then the great work we have to do,  
Let us with all our might pursue :  
And wisely ev'ry hour employ,  
Till faith and hope are lost in joy.

## 223. L. M. H. MOORE.

*Heavenly guidance implored.*

- 1 **AMIDST** a world of hopes and fears,  
A wild of cares, and toils, and tears,  
Where foes alarm and dangers threat,  
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat :
- 2 Shed down, O Lord ! a heav'nly ray  
To guide me in the doubtful way ;  
And o'er me hold thy shield of pow'r,  
To guard me in the dang'rous hour.
- 3 Each noble principle impart ;  
The faith which sanctifies the heart,  
Hope that to heav'n's high vault aspires,  
And love that warms with chastest fires.
- 4 Teach me the flatt'ring paths to shun,  
In which the thoughtless many run,  
Who for a shade the substance miss,  
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.
- 5 May never pleasure, wealth or pride,  
Allure my wand'ring soul aside ;  
But thro' this maze of mortal ill,  
Safe lead me to thy heav'nly hill.

## 224. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Christian watchfulness.*

- 1 **AWAKE**, my torpid soul ! awake,  
And view the threat'ning scene :

We stand upon the brink of death,  
When most we seem secure.

- 2 If we to-day sweet peace possess,  
It soon may be withdrawn ;  
Some change may plunge us in distress,  
Before to-morrow's dawn.
- 3 Disease and pain invade our health,  
And find an easy prey ;  
And oft, when least expected, wealth  
Takes wings and flies away.
- 4 The grounds from which we look for fruit,  
Produce us often pain ;  
A worm unseen attacks the root,  
And all our hopes are vain.
- 5 Since sin has fill'd the earth with woe,  
And creatures fade and die ;  
Lord, wean our hearts from things below,  
And fix our hopes on high !

236. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

*Faith.*

- 1 AH ! why should this mistaken mind  
Still rove with restless pain ?  
Delight on earth expect to find,  
Yet still expect in vain ?
- 2 Faith, rising upwards, points her view  
To regions in the skies ;  
There, lovelier scenes than Eden knew  
In bright perspective rise.

- 3 O ! if this heav'n-born grace were mine,  
Would not my spirit soar,  
Transported gaze on joys divine,  
And cleave to earth no more ?
- 4 If in my heart true faith appears,  
Yet weak the sacred ray ;  
Feebly aspiring, press'd with fears,  
Almost it dies away.
- 5 O Thou, from whose almighty breath  
It first began to rise,  
Purge off these mists, these dregs of earth,  
And bid it reach the skies.
- 6 Let this weak erring mind no more  
On earth bewilder'd rove ;  
But with celestial ardor soar  
To endless joys above.

237. C. M. SALISBURY COL.

*The power of faith.*

- 1 FAITH adds new charms to early bliss,  
And saves us from its snares ;  
Its aid in ev'ry duty brings,  
And softens all our cares :
- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,  
And lights the sacred fire  
Of love to God, and heav'nly things,  
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its pow'r  
The healing balm to give ;



That balm the saddest heart can cheer,  
And make the dying live.

- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,  
Where deathless pleasures reign,  
And bids us seek our portion there,  
Nor bids us seek in vain.
- 5 On that bright prospect may we rest,  
Till this frail body dies ;  
And then, on faith's triumphant wings  
To endless glory rise.

238. L. M. WATTS.

*Walking by faith and not by sight.*

- 1 UPHELD by faith in joys to come,  
We walk thro' deserts dark as night ;  
Till we arrive at heav'n our home,  
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies ;  
She makes the heav'nly gates appear ;  
Far into distant worlds she pries,  
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,  
While faith inspires a heav'nly ray,  
Though adverse winds around us blow,  
And virtue's foes obstruct the way.
- 4 So Abr'am, by divine command,  
Left his own house to walk with God ;  
His faith beheld the promis'd land,  
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

## 239. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Zeal and vigour in the christian race.*

Phil. iii. 12—14.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! stretch ev'ry nerve,  
And press with vigour on :  
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey :  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high ;  
'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
To thine uplifted eye :—
- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright,  
Which shall new lustre boast,  
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems  
Shall blend in common dust.
- 5 My soul, with sacred ardour fir'd,  
The bright reward survey ;  
And in this prospect gladly lose  
The sorrows of the way.

## 240. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The wisdom of redeeming time.* Eph. v. 15, 16.

- 1 God of eternity ! from thee  
Did infant time his being draw :

Moments and days, and months and years,  
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

- 2 Silent and swift they glide away :  
Steady and strong the current flows,  
Lost in eternity's wide sea,  
The boundless gulph from which it rose.
- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men  
Before the rapid stream are borne,  
On to their everlasting home,  
That country whence there's no return.
- 4 Yet while the shore on either side  
Presents a gaudy, flatt'ring show ;  
We gaze in fond amazement lost,  
Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great source of wisdom ! teach our hearts  
To know the price of ev'ry hour,  
That time may bear us on to joys  
Beyond its measure and its pow'r.

241. C. M. WATTS.

*The vanity of human life.*

- 1 O God ! our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home !
- 2 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth receiv'd her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

- 3 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,  
    "Return ye sons of men :"  
All nations rose from earth at first,  
    And turn to earth again.
- 4 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
    With all their hopes and fears,  
Are carried downwards by the flood,  
    And lost in foll'wing years.
- 5 Like flow'ry fields the nations stand,  
    Pleas'd with the morning light :  
The flow'rs beneath the mower's hand,  
    Lie with'ring ere 'tis night.
- 6 O God ! our help in ages past,  
    Our hope for years to come !  
Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
    And our eternal home.

242. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*God's compassion to human frailty.*

- 1 LORD ! we adore thy wondrous name,  
    And make that name our trust,  
Which rais'd at first this curious frame  
    From mean and lifeless dust.
- 2 Awhile these frail machines endure,  
    The fabric of a day ;  
Then, know their vital pow'rs no more,  
    But moulder back to clay.
- 3 Yet, Lord ! whate'er is felt or fear'd,  
    This thought is our repose,

That he, by whom our frame was rear'd,  
Its various frailties knows:

4 Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,  
While struggling with our load;  
In pains and dangers thou art nigh,  
Our father, and our God.

5 Gently supported by thy love,  
We tend to realms of peace;  
Where ev'ry pain shall far remove,  
And ev'ry weakness cease.

243. C. M. H. MOORE.

*The vanity of human life.*

1 Our life is but an idle play,  
And various as the wind;  
We laugh and sport our hours away,  
Nor heed the woes behind.

2 See the fair cheek of beauty fade!  
Frail glory of an hour;  
And blooming youth, with sick'ning head,  
Droop like the dying flow'r.

3 Our pleasures, like the morning sun,  
Diffuse a flatt'ring light;  
But gloomy clouds obscure their noon,  
And soon they sink in night.

4 Wealth, pomp, and honour, we behold  
With an admiring eye,  
Like summer insects, dress'd in gold,  
That flutter, shine, and die.

- 5 Then rise, my soul, and soar away,  
Above the thoughtless crowd,  
Above the pleasures of the gay,  
And splendours of the proud ;
- 6 Up where eternal beauties bloom,  
And pleasures all divine ;  
Where wealth, that never can consume,  
And endless glories shine.

244. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

*Warnings of mortality.*

- 1 THAT awful hour will soon appear,  
Swift on the wings of time it flies,  
When all that pains or pleases here,  
Will vanish from my closing eyes.
- 2 Death calls my friends, my neighbours hence,  
And none resist the fatal dart :  
Continual warnings strike my sense ;  
And shall they fail to strike my heart ?
- 3 Think, O my soul ! how much depends  
On the short period of to-day :  
Shall time, which heav'n in mercy lends,  
Be negligently thrown away ?
- 4 Thy remnant minutes strive to use ;  
Awake ! rouse ev'ry active pow'r !  
And not in dreams and trifles lose  
This little, this important hour !
- 5 Lord of my life ! inspire my heart  
With heav'nly ardour, grace divine ;

Nor let thy presence e'er depart,  
For strength, and life, and death are thine.

- 6 O teach me the celestial skill,  
Each awful warning to improve !  
And, while my days are short'ning still,  
Prepare me for the joys above !

245. L. M. C. WESLEY.

*The frailty of life, and the unchangeableness of truth.*

- 1 THE morning flow'rs display their sweets,  
And gay their silken leaves unfold,  
As careless of the noon-day heats,  
And fearless of the ev'ning cold.
- 2 Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,  
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,  
The momentary glories waste,  
The short-liv'd beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,  
When youth its pride and beauty shows ;  
Fairer than spring the colours shine,  
And sweeter than the virgin rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly rolling years,  
Or broke by sickness in a day,  
The fading glory disappears,  
The short-liv'd beauties die away.
- 5 But these, new rising from the tomb,  
With lustre, brighter far, shall shine,  
Revive with ever-during bloom,  
Safe from diseases and decline.

- 6 Let sickness blast, and death devour,  
If heav'n must recompense our pains ;  
Perish the grass, and fade the flow'r,  
If firm the word of God remains.

246. L. M. MERRICK.

*Things below and things above. Ps. ciii. 15, 16.*

- 1 Of mortal life how short the date !  
Like flow'r's which in their brightest state  
With gaudy hues the fields adorn,  
But soon by passing storms are torn,
- 2 Their boasted beauty reft away,  
How quick the vernal blooms decay !  
Each in an hour its pride resigns,  
And with'ring in the dust reclines.
- 3 Behold it droop, behold it waste !  
Nor can the bed, which late it grac'd,  
Point to the fond inquirer's view,  
Where once the short-liv'd wonder grew.
- 4 So transient is the life of man,  
At most a brief contracted span ;  
It blooms, it fades ; and serves to show,  
How vain, how frail are things below.
- 5 To things above with fix'd desire,  
Then let our better hopes aspire ;  
To realms, where, in eternal day,  
Nor mortals die, nor flow'rs decay.



## 247. L. M. JERVIS.

*The prospect of sickness and death.*

- 1 WHEN all the pow'rs of nature fail ;  
When sickness shall our hearts assail,  
And ev'ry nobler part pervade ;  
When ev'ry earthly wish shall fade :
- 2 When pain, of ev'ry nerve possest,  
Shall vibrate in the throbbing breast ;  
And languor o'er our senses steal,  
And med'cine lose its pow'r to heal :
- 3 When death shall chill the vital heat ;  
When these fond hearts shall cease to beat,  
These falt'ring tongues forget to speak,  
" A mortal paleness on my cheek : "
- 4 When our dim eyes are sunk in death,  
And God, who gave, shall take our breath ;  
Do thou sustain our fainting heart,  
And comfort to our souls impart.
- 5 May thy bright presence bring relief  
From fear, despondency, and grief :  
The cheering voice direct our way  
To regions of eternal day.

## 248. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

*Comfort in sickness and death.*

- 1 When sickness shakes the languid frame,  
Each dazzling pleasure flies ;  
Phantoms of bliss no more obscure  
Our long-deluded eyes,

- 2 Then the tremendous arm of death  
Its hated sceptre shows ;  
And nature faints beneath the weight  
Of complicated woes.
- 3 The tott'ring frame of mortal life  
Shall crumble into dust ;  
Nature shall faint—but learn, my soul !  
On nature's God to trust.
- 4 The man whose pious heart is fix'd  
On his all-gracious God,  
In ev'ry frown may comfort find,  
And kiss the chast'ning rod.
- 5 Nor him shall death itself alarm ;  
On heav'n his soul relies ;  
With joy he views his maker's love,  
And with composure dies.

249. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Our lives in the hands of God.*

- 1 Sov'REIGN of life ! before thine eye,  
Lo mortal men by thousands die !  
One glance from thee at once brings down  
The proudest brow that wears a crown.
- 2 My kindred and my friends are gone ;  
Know, O my soul, this doom thine own ;  
Feeble as theirs, thy mortal frame,  
The same thy way, thy home the same.
- 3 Banish'd at once from human sight  
To the dark grave's unchanging night ;

Imprison'd in that dusty bed,  
We hide our solitary head.

- 4 The social band no more shall greet,  
Accents familiar once, and sweet ;  
No more the well-known features trace,  
No more renew the fond embrace.
- 5 Yet if my Father's faithful hand  
Conduct me thro' this gloomy land,  
My soul with pleasure shall obey,  
And follow where he leads the way.

250. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

*A timely improvement of life. Jer. xiii. and James iv.*

- 1 THE swift-declining day,  
How fast its moments fly !  
While evening's broad and gloomy shade  
Gains on the western sky.
- 2 Ye mortals ! marks its pace ;  
Improve the hours of light ;  
And know, your maker can command  
An instantaneous night.
- 3 His word blots out the sun  
In its meridian blaze ;  
And cuts from sanguine, vig'rous youth  
The remnant of its days.
- 4 On the dark mountain's brow  
Your feet shall quickly slide,  
And from its airy summit dash  
Your momentary pride.

- 5 What most demands your care,  
O be it still pursued !  
Lest slighted once, the season fair  
Should never be renew'd.
- 6 Then shall new lustre break  
Thro' horror's darkest gloom,  
And lead you to unchanging light,  
In a celestial home.

251. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*God, the everlasting light of good men. Isa. ix. 2.*

- 1 YE golden lamps of heav'n ! farewell,  
With all your feeble light :  
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,  
Pale empress of the night !
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day !  
In brighter flames array'd,  
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere,  
No more demands thine aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust  
Of my divine abode,  
The pavement of those heav'nly courts,  
Where I shall reign with God.
- 4 The father of eternal light  
Shall there his beams display ;  
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix  
With that unvaried day.
- 5 No more the drops of piercing grief  
Shall swell into mine eyes ;

Nor the meridian sun decline,  
Amid those brighter skies.

- 6 There all the millions of his saints  
Shall in one song unite ;  
And each the bliss of all shall share  
With infinite delight.

252. L. M. WATTS.

*The hope of the christian.*

- 1 WHAT sinners value, I resign :  
Lord ! 'tis enough that thou art mine :  
I shall behold thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show,  
But the bright world to which I go,  
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;  
When shall I wake and find me there !
- 3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !  
I shall be near, and like my God ;  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 Though death awhile reign o'er this frame,  
'Thou from the grave my life wilt claim ;  
And to my eyes, in full survey,  
The op'ning paths of life display.
- 5 Those paths that to thy presence bear ;  
For plenitude of bliss is there ;  
And pleasure's streams, unmix'd with woe,  
At thy right hand forever flow.

## 253. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

*Victory over death through our Saviour.*

- 1 **WHEN** death appears before my sight,  
In all his dire array,  
Unequal to the dreadful fight,  
My courage dies away.
- 2 How shall I meet this potent foe,  
Whose frown my soul alarms?  
Dark horror sits upon his brow,  
And vict'ry waits his arms.
- 3 But see, my glorious leader nigh!  
Jesus my Saviour lives;  
Before him death's pale terrors fly,  
And my faint heart revives.
- 4 O God! be thou my sure defence,  
My guard forever near;  
And faith shall triumph over sense,  
And never yield to fear.
- 5 O may I meet the dreadful hour,  
With fortitude divine!  
Sustain'd by thy almighty pow'r,  
The conquest must be mine.

## 254. 8 &amp; 6s. M.

*The dying saint.*

- 1 **WHEN** life's tempestuous storms are o'er,  
How calm he meets the friendly shore,  
Who liv'd averse from sin!  
Such peace on virtue's paths attends,  
'That, where the sinner's pleasure ends,  
The christian's joys begin.

- 2 See smiling patience smooth his brow !  
See bending angels downward bow,  
To cheer his way on high !  
While eager for the blest abode,  
He joins with them to praise the God,  
Who taught him how to die.
- 3 No sorrow drowns his lifted eyes,  
No horror wrests the struggling sighs,  
As from the sinner's breast ;  
His God, the God of peace and love,  
Pours kindly solace from above,  
And heals his soul with rest.
- 4 O grant, my Father, and my friend,  
Such joys may gild my peaceful end,  
So calm my evening close ;  
While loos'd from ev'ry earthly tie,  
With steady confidence I fly  
To him from whom I rose.

255. C. M.

*The peace of the grave. Job iii.*

- 1 How still and peaceful is the grave !  
Where, life's vain tumults past,  
Th' appointed house, by heaven's decree  
Receive us all at last.
- 2 The wicked there from troubling cease ;  
Their passions rage no more ;  
And there the weary pilgrim rests  
From all the toils he bore.
- 3 There rest the pris'ners, now releas'd  
From slavery's sad abode :  
No more they hear the oppressor's voice,  
Nor dread the tyrant's rod.

- 4 There servants, masters, small and great,  
 Partake the same repose ;  
 And there in peace the ashes mix  
 Of those who once were foes.
- 5 All levell'd by the hand of death,  
 Lie sleeping in the tomb ;  
 Till God in judgment call them forth,  
 To meet their final doom.

256. c. n.

*The vegetable creation an emblem of the resurrection.*

- 1 ALL nature dies, and lives again :  
 The flow'r's that paint the field,  
 The trees that crown the mountain's brow,  
 And boughs and blossoms yield ;
- 2 Resign the honors of their form  
 At winter's stormy blast ;  
 And leave the naked, leafless plain,  
 A desolated waste.
- 3 Yet soon reviving plants and flow'rs  
 Anew shall deck the plain ;  
 The woods shall hear the voice of spring,  
 And flourish green again.
- 4 So, to the dreary grave consign'd,  
 Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,  
 Until th' eternal morning wake  
 The slumbers of the tomb.
- 5 O may the grave become to us  
 The bed of peaceful rest ;  
 Whence we shall gladly rise at length,  
 And mingle with the blest.



- 6 Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind  
We'll wait heaven's high decree ;  
Till the appointed period come,  
When death shall set us free.

257. C. M. WATTS.

*The resurrection of Jesus, the foundation of our own.*

- 1 PRAISE to thy name, eternal God,  
The Father of our Lord ;  
Be thy abounding mercy prais'd,  
Thy majesty ador'd.
- 2 When from the tomb, thy son restor'd,  
Ascended to the skies ;  
The liveliest hope thou gav'st, that we  
Should to that glory rise.
- 3 What though the frame of man requires  
Return to native dust ;  
Since Christ, our pledge and pattern rose,  
So all his followers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine,  
Reserv'd against that day ;  
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,  
And cannot fade away.
- 5 Thy servants by thy pow'r are kept,  
Till this salvation come ;  
And walk by faith, as strangers here,  
Till thou shalt call them home.

258. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The final consummation and judgment.*

- 1 My rising soul ! extend thy wings  
Beyond the verge of mortal things ;

- And meditate the awful day,  
When this vain world must pass away.
- 2 Behold the fi'ry deluge roll  
Through heav'n's wide arch from pole to  
pole!  
Pale sun—no more thy lustre boast!  
Tremble and fall, ye starry host!
- 3 The wreck of nature all around,  
The angel's shout, the trumpet's sound,  
Loud the descending Judge proclaim,  
And echo his tremendous name.
- 4 Children of Adam, all appear;  
The last decisive sentence hear;  
For as his lips pronounce, ye go  
To endless bliss or unknown woe.
- 5 Lord! to my eyes this scene display,  
Frequent through each returning day;  
And let thy grace my soul prepare  
To find its full redemption there.

259. I. M. NEEDHAM.

*Future retributions of the present life.*

- 1 THE heart dejected, sighs to know,  
Why vice triumphant reigns below;  
Why saints have fall'n in ev'ry age,  
The victims of tyrannic rage.
- 2 Fast roll successive years away;  
Fast hastens the important day,  
When to th' astonish'd world's surprise,  
God's high tribunal shall arise.

- 3 Hark ! 'tis the trumpet's piercing sound,  
The rising dead assemble round ;  
In long procession see they come,  
Each to receive his final doom.
- 4 Lo there a vile, degen'rate race ;  
Pale terror sits on ev'ry face :  
Here, on the right, a joyful band,  
The sons of suff'ring virtue stand.
- 5 The sentence pass'd, lo ! these arise  
To bliss and glory in the skies :  
While those who once stood high in fame,  
Sink to contempt, remorse, and shame.
- 6 Thus shall God's providence appear  
Without a shade, divinely fair ;  
And blushing doubt with joy confess  
The Lord's a God of righteousness.

260. C. M. WATTS.

*A prospect of heaven.*

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign ;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never with'ring flow'rs :  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heav'ly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dress'd in living green :  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
And Jordan roll'd between,

- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,  
To cross this narrow sea ;  
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,  
'Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
With unclouded eyes !
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

261. L. M. BUTCHER.

*The final congregation of good characters.*

- 1 FROM north and south, from east and west,  
Advance the myriads of the blest :  
From ev'ry clime of earth they come,  
And find in heaven a common home.
- 2 Howe'er divided here below,  
One bliss, one spirit now they know ;  
And all their doubts and darkness o'er,  
One only Parent now adore.
- 3 On earth according to their light,  
They aim'd to practise what was right ;  
Hence all their errors are forgiv'n,  
And Jesus welcomes them to heav'n.
- 4 See, how along th' immortal meads,  
His glorious host the Saviour leads !  
And brings the myriads none can count,  
To seats of joy on Zion's mount !

## 262. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

*Heaven the reward of virtuous exertions.*

- 1 THERE is a glorious world on high,  
Resplendent with eternal day ;  
Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,  
While God's own word reveals the way.
- 2 There shall the servants of the Lord  
With never fading lustre shine ;  
Surprising honour ! vast reward !  
Conferr'd on man, by love divine.
- 3 Rescued from that destructive way,  
Where erring folly thoughtless roves ;  
Th' heav'nly virtue they display,  
Which Jesus taught, and God approves.
- 4 The shining firmament shall fade,  
And sparkling stars resign their light ;  
But these shall know nor change nor shade,  
Forever fair, forever bright.
- 5 On wings of faith and strong desire,  
O may our spirits daily rise ;  
And reach at last the shining choir,  
In the bright mansions of the skies.

## 263. S. M. MRS. STEELE.

*The glory of the heavenly state.*

- 1 FAR from these scenes of night  
Unbounded glories rise,  
And realms of infinite delight,  
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair land ! could mortal eyes,  
But half its charms explore,

How would our spirits long to rise,  
And dwell on earth no more !

3 There sickness never comes ;  
There grief no more complains ;  
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,  
And purest pleasure reigns.

4 No strife nor envy there  
The sons of peace molest ;  
But harmony and love sincere,  
Fill ev'ry happy breast.

5 No cloud those regions know,  
Forever bright and fair ;  
For sin, the source of mortal woe,  
Can never enter there.

6 There's no alternate night,  
Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;  
But glory from th' eternal throne  
Spreads everlasting day.

7 Oh ! may this prospect fire  
Our hearts with ardent love ;  
And lively faith and strong desire  
Bear ev'ry thought above.

264. L. M. BOWDEN.

*The perfect felicity of heaven.*

1 FROM this world's joys, and senseless mirth,  
O come, my soul, in haste retire ;  
Assume the grandeur of thy birth,  
And to thy destin'd heav'n aspire.

2 Here's nought below deserves delay  
Nought that can bribe thy swift remove ;

266. L. M. JERVIS.

*Fidelity to our Saviour.*

- 1 CAN I forsake that gracious friend,  
On whom my noblest hopes depend ?  
Forbid it, from my wand'ring heart  
His cherish'd image e'er should part !
- 2 First let the wheels of life stand still,  
Ere I forget his righteous will ;  
Ere I submit to guilty shame,  
And bring dishonour on his name.
- 3 Faithful to him and to his laws,  
With zeal would I maintain his cause,  
The cause of truth and righteousness,  
Midst trial, suff'ring, and distress.
- 4 If bonds or death obstruct my way,  
Unmov'd, their terrors I'll survey ;  
And the last hour improve for thee,  
The last of life or liberty.
- 5 Welcome those bonds which may unite  
My soul to him, its guide and light ;  
Welcome that death whose painful strife  
Bears me to Christ, my better life.

267. C. M. BIRMINGHAM COL.

*Brotherly kindness from the precept and example of  
Christ.*

- 1 YE foll'wers of the Prince of Peace,  
Who round his table draw !  
Remember what his spirit was,  
What his peculiar law.

- 2 The love, which all his bosom fill'd,  
Did all his actions guide ;  
Inspir'd by love, he liv'd and taught,  
Inspir'd by love, he died.
- 3 And do you love him ? do you feel  
Your warm affections move ?  
This is the proof which he demands,  
That you each other love.
- 4 Let each the sacred law fulfil ;  
Like his be ev'ry mind :  
Be ev'ry temper form'd by love,  
And ev'ry action kind.
- 5 Let none who call themselves his friends,  
Disgrace the honour'd name ;  
But by a near resemblance prove  
The title which they claim.

268. S. M. WATTS.

*The communion.*

- 1 JESUS, the friend of man,  
Invites around his board,  
Those who his spirit share, to hold  
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 Here we show forth that love,  
Which spake in ev'ry breath,  
Prompted each action of his life,  
And triumph'd in his death.
- 3 Our heav'nly Father calls  
Christ and his members one ;  
Alike the children of his love,  
And he the first-born son.



- 4 One faith, one hope, one Lord,  
One God alone we know ;  
Brethren we are ; let ev'ry heart  
With kind affections glow.
- 5 Let all our pow'rs unite,  
His honour'd name to raise ;  
Let grateful joy fill ev'ry mind,  
And ev'ry voice be praise.
- 6 Warm'd with our master's love,  
And God's unmeasur'd grace ;  
O let our thankful hearts expand,  
And all mankind embrace.

269. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The Lord's supper.*

- 1 FATHER ! and is thy table spread ?  
And does thy cup with love o'erflow ?  
Thither be all thy children led,  
And let them all its sweetness know.
- 2 O let thy table honour'd be,  
And furnish'd well with joyful guests ;  
And may each soul salvation see,  
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 3 Let crowds approach, with hearts prepar'd ;  
With warm desire let all attend ;  
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,  
The pleasure or the profit end.
- 4 Revive thy dying churches, Lord !  
And bid our drooping graces live ;  
And more that energy afford,  
A Saviour's death alone can give.

- 5 Nor let thy spreading gospel rest,  
Till through the world thy truth has run,  
Till with this bread all men be blest,  
Who see the light or feel the sun !

270. C. M. MISS E. TAYLOR.

- 1 O HERE, if ever, God of love !  
Let strife and tumult cease ;  
And ev'ry thought harmonious move,  
And ev'ry heart be peace.
- 2 Not here, where met to think on him,  
Whose latest thoughts were ours,  
Shall mortal passions come, to dim  
The prayer devotion pours.
- 3 No, gracious master, not in vain  
Thy life of love hath been ;  
The peace thou gav'st, may yet remain,  
Though thou no more art seen.
- 4 " Thy kingdom come ;" we watch, we wait,  
To hear thy cheering call ;  
When heav'n shall ope its glorious gate,  
And God be all in all.

271. L. M. BIRMINGHAM COL.

*This do in remembrance of me. 1 Cor. xi. 24.*

- 1 " EAT, drink, in mem'ry of your friend !"  
Such was our master's last request ;  
Who all the pangs of death endur'd,  
That we might live forever blest.
- 2 Yes, we'll record the matchless love,  
Of this most faithful, kind of friends !

Whose dying love the noblest praise  
Of long eternity transcends.

- 3 Now at his table we are met,  
His parting precept to fulfil;  
Let not our hearts that love forget,  
Which warms his faithful bosom still.
  - 4 And thou, his father and our own,  
Accept the humble songs we raise ;  
Still to our thankful spirits, known  
The object of our highest praise.
  - 5 Teach us in all he did, to see  
Inscrib'd the glories of thy name ;  
And let devotedness to thee,  
Our gratitude to him proclaim.
- 

272. C. M. SALISBURY COL.

*The promise is unto you and your children. Acts ii.*

- 1 O FATHER! what our ears have heard,  
Our eyes delighted trace ;  
Thy love in long succession shown  
To Zion's chosen race.
- 2 How large the promise, how divine,  
To Abram and his seed :  
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,  
"Supplying all their need."
- 3 The words of this extensive love  
From age to age endure ;  
Succeeding ages still have found  
The promis'd blessing sure.
- 4 Thee faithful, shall the fathers own,  
And thee the sons adore ;

Allied to thee in solemn vows,  
To be forgot no more ;

5 With humble confidence would we  
The promise, Lord, embrace ;  
To thee our infant offspring bring,  
And claim the offer'd grace.

6 Thy cov'nant may they strive to keep,  
And bless the happy bands,  
Which closer still engage their hearts  
To honour thy commands.

7 Then to the parents and their seed  
Shall thy salvation come ;  
And num'rous households meet at last  
In one eternal home.



273. H. M. SALISBURY COL.

*Christmas day.*

1 HARK ! what celestial notes,  
What melody we hear !  
Soft on the morn it floats,  
And fills the ravish'd ear.  
The tuneful shell,  
The golden lyre,  
And vocal choir  
The concert swell.

2 Th' angelic hosts descend,  
With harmony divine :  
See how from heav'n they bend,  
And in full chorus join.

Fear not, say they,  
Great joy we bring :  
Jesus, your king  
Is born to day.

3 He comes from error's night  
Your wand'ring souls to save ;  
To realms of bliss and light  
He lifts you from the grave.  
This glorious morn,  
(Let all attend !)  
Your matchless friend,  
Your Saviour's born.

4 Glory to God on high !  
Ye mortals, spread the sound,  
And let your raptures fly  
To earth's remotest bound.  
For peace on earth,  
From God in heav'n,  
To man is giv'n,  
At Jesus' birth.

274. 7s. M. ASPLAND'S SEL.

*The nativity of Christ.*

- 1 Sons of Adam, join to raise  
Songs of gratitude and praise ;  
Emulate the choirs above,  
Celebrate eternal love.
- 2 Speak your pleasures, happy race !  
Objects of your father's grace !  
All the family of earth,  
Glory in your heav'nly birth.
- 3 Raptur'd all the sons of light,  
Hail'd the moment, mercy bright,

When in beauty rose this globe,  
Teeming life its gorgeous robe.

4 More the joy, the rapture higher,  
Joy and rapture love inspire,  
When to him, ordain'd of heaven,  
Thus the glorious charge was given :

5 "Go proclaim Jehovah's grace ;  
Fear destroy, and guilt efface ;  
Conquer death, unbar the grave ;  
Lo ! thy work, the world to save."

6 But the joy, the ecstasy !  
Language here and praises die,  
When from myriads' happy tongues,  
Warble thus immortal songs :

7 "Where, O sin, thy deadly sting ?  
Where thy pow'r, terrific king ?  
Christ triumphant ! man restor'd !  
God in all, by all ador'd !"



275. 8 & 7s. M.

*A charity hymn.*

1 LORD of life, all praise excelling,  
Thou, in glory unconfined,  
Deign'st to make thy humble dwelling  
With the poor of humble mind.

2 As thy love through all creation,  
Beams like thy diffusive light ;  
So the scorn'd and humble station  
Rises in thine equal sight.

No solid ground thy hopes to stay,  
Nor worthy object of thy love.

- 3 Wisely forbear on transient things  
Thy hopes and fond desires to place;  
Their gain no joy or comfort brings,  
And weary is the doubtful chase.
- 4 'Tis heav'n alone can make thee blest,  
Can ev'ry wish and want supply;  
Thy joy, thy crown, thy endless rest,  
Are all above the lofty sky.
- 5 Eternal mansions! bright array!  
O blest exchange! transporting thought!  
Free from the approaches of decay,  
Or the least shadow of a spot.
- 6 There shall mortality no more  
Its wide extended empire boast;  
Forgotten all its dreadful pow'r,  
In life's unbounded ocean lost.

## § IV. FOR PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

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265. L. M. ENFIELD'S SEL.

*For the Lord's supper.*

- 1 THIS feast was Jesus' high behest,  
This cup of thanks his last request :  
Ye who can feel his worth, attend,  
Eat, drink, in mem'ry of your friend.
- 2 Around the patriot's bust ye throng,  
Him ye exalt in swelling song :  
For him the wreath of glory bind,  
Who freed from vassalage his kind :
- 3 And shall not he your praises reap,  
Who rescues from the iron-sleep ?  
The great deliverer, whose breath  
Unbinds the captives ev'n of death ?
- 4 Shall he, who, fellow-men to save,  
Became a tenant of the grave,  
Unthank'd, uncelebrated rise,  
Pass unremember'd to the skies ?
- 5 Christians ! unite with loud acclaim  
To hymn the Saviour's welcome name :  
On earth extol his wondrous love ;  
Repeat his praise in worlds above.



Catch from above the hallow'd flame,  
And dignify the christian name.

- 2 Where'er distress and pain appear,  
Let pity's ready hand be there ;  
With cheering wine, and fragrant oil,  
Bid languor glow, and anguish smile :  
Tho' woe her lowliest form may wear,  
Yet God has stamp't his image there.
- 3 When he, the sov'reign Judge, draws nigh ;  
And holds th' unerring beam on high ;  
Then shall sweet charity prevail,  
And angels mark the sinking scale :  
Jesus shall call his followers home,  
" Ye blessed of my Father, come !"  
Hallelujah, amen !

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278. C. M.

*On consecrating a new place of worship.*

- 1 AND wilt thou, great and gracious God !  
Bend from thy radiant throne,  
On earth establish thine abode,  
And make this house thine own ?
- 2 Be ever sacred then, these walls,  
The dwelling of thy choice ;  
And here be heard that sweetest sound,  
The humble, thankful voice.
- 3 To all who faithfully explore,  
The unerring way be shown,  
To know thyself, God only true,  
And Christ, thy chosen Son.

**IV. FOR A CHRISTIAN CONGREGATION. 255**

- 4 May love with sweet, resistless power,  
Constrain her guests to come ;  
Arrest the sinner's downward course,  
And call the wand'rer home.
- 5 These courts, we for thy service raise,  
Long may thy presence bless ;  
And to each heart conform'd to thee,  
Reveal a Father's grace.
- 6 O in the day of final doom,  
Which shall thy truth make clear ;  
May myriads find the heav'nly home,  
Born to that glory here.

279. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*At the settlement of a minister.*

- 1 GREAT Lord of angels ! we adore  
The grace that builds thy courts below ;  
And midst ten thousand sons of light,  
Stoops to regard what mortals do.
- 2 Amidst the wastes of time and death,  
Successive pastors thou dost raise,  
Thy kingdom and thy truth to spread,  
And form a people for thy praise.
- 3 At length, dismiss'd from feeble clay,  
Thy servants join th' angelic band ;  
With them thro' distant worlds they fly,  
With them before thy presence stand.
- 4 O blest employment ! glorious hope !  
Sweet lenitive of grief and care !  
When shall we reach those radiant courts,  
And all their joys and honours share ?

- 5 Yet while these labours we pursue,  
 Tho' distant from thy heav'nly throne,  
 Give us a zeal and love like theirs,  
 And half their heav'n shall here be known.

## 280. L. M. RIPPON'S COL.

*On the dangerous sickness of a minister.*

- 1 O THOU, before whose gracious throne  
 We bow our suppliant spirits down,  
 Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,  
 And all our trembling lips would tell.
- 2 Thou only canst assuage our grief,  
 And give our sorrowing hearts relief;  
 In mercy then thy servant spare,  
 Nor turn aside thy people's prayer.
- 3 Avert thy desolating stroke,  
 Nor smite the shepherd of the flock;  
 Restore him, sinking to the grave,  
 Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save.
- 4 Bound to each soul by tender ties,  
 In every heart his image lies;  
 Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,  
 Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.
- 5 But if our supplications fail,  
 And prayers and tears cannot prevail,  
 Be thou his strength, be thou his stay:  
 Support him thro' the gloomy way.
- 6 Around him may thine angels stand,  
 Waiting the signal of thy hand,  
 To bid his happy spirit rise,  
 And bear him to their native skies.

## 281. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*For a vacant congregation on the death of its minister.*

- 1 THO' earthly shepherds dwell in dust,  
The aged and the young;  
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,  
And mute th' instructive tongue :
- 2 Th' eternal shepherd still survives,  
New comfort to impart ;  
His eye still guides us, and his voice  
Still animates our heart.
- 3 To him, when mortal comforts fail,  
His suppliant people fly ;  
And on th' eternal shepherd's care,  
With cheerful hope rely.
- 4 The pow'rs of nature, Lord, are thine ;  
And thine the aids of grace :  
Thine arm has borne thy churches up,  
Thro' ev'ry rising race.
- 5 Exert thy sacred influence here,  
Thy mourning servants bless :  
O change to strains of cheerful praise  
Their accents of distress.

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 282. C. M.

*Hymn for the mariner or traveller.*

- 1 LET songs of praise from all below  
To thee, O God, ascend,  
Whose bounties unexhausted flow,  
Whose mercies know no end.

- 2 But chief by them that debt be paid,  
Midst dangers circling round,  
Who still in thine almighty aid  
Have sure protection found.
- 3 The wand'ring exile, doom'd to stray  
O'er many a desert wide ;  
Who fearless takes his lonely way,  
With thee his guard, and guide :—
- 4 The sailor, on the swelling sea,  
When storms impending low'r,  
Or tempests rage ; who trusts in thee,  
And owns thy mighty pow'r :—
- 5 The wretch, who press'd by countless woes,  
That no cessation see,  
Still bids his steadfast hope repose,  
Almighty Lord, on thee :
- 6 All, all shall join to bless thy name,  
Whose heav'nly aid they prove ;  
As all have felt, let all proclaim  
Thy goodness, pow'r, and love !

283. L. M. WATTS.

*Safety in public diseases and dangers.*

- 1 THEY that have made their refuge God,  
Shall find a most secure abode ;  
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,  
And there at night shall rest their head.
- 2 If burning beams of noon conspire  
To dart a pestilential fire,  
God is their life ; his wings are spread  
To shield them with a healthful shade.

- 3 If vapours with malignant breath,  
Rise thick and scatter midnight-death,  
Still they are safe ; the poison'd air  
Again grows pure, if God be there.
- 4 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,  
Receive commission from the Lord  
To strike his saints among the rest,  
Their very pains and deaths are blest.
- 5 The sword, or pestilence, or fire,  
Shall but fulfil their best desire ;  
From sins and sorrows set them free,  
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

284. H. M. WATTS.

*God our preserver in a sickly season. Ps. cxxi.*

- 1 UPWARD we lift our eyes,  
From God is all our aid ;  
The God who built the skies,  
And earth and nature made.  
God is the tow'r  
To which we fly ;  
His grace is nigh  
In ev'ry hour.
- 2 Our feet shall never slide,  
Nor fall in fatal snares,  
Since God our guard and guide,  
Defends us from our fears.  
Those wakeful eyes,  
That never sleep,  
Thy servants keep,  
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,  
Nor blasts of ev'ning air,  
Shall take our health away  
If God be with us there.

Thou art our sun,  
And thou our shade,  
To guard our head  
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word  
To save our souls from death?  
And we can trust thee, Lord,  
To keep our mortal breath:  
We'll go and come,  
Nor fear to die,  
Till from on high  
Thou call us home.

285. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

*Hope in the death of friends.*

1 WHILE to the grave our friends are borne,  
Around their cold remains,  
How all the tender passions mourn,  
And each fond heart complains!

2 But down to earth, alas! in vain  
We bend our weeping eyes:  
Ah! let us leave these seats of pain,  
And upwards learn to rise.

3 Hope cheerful smiles amid the gloom,  
And beams a healing ray:  
And guides us, from the darksome tomb,  
To realms of endless day.

- 4 Be thou our comfort, mighty God !  
Our helper and our friend :  
Nor leave us in this dang'rous road,  
Till all our trials end.
- 5 O may our feet pursue the way  
Our pious fathers led ;  
While love and holy zeal obey  
The counsels of the dead.
- 6 Let us be wean'd from all below ;  
Let hope our grief dispel ;  
And death but find us train'd to go  
Where our best kindred dwell.

286. C. M. PRINCES ST. COL.

*The reunion of virtuous friendships.*

- 1 BLEST hour, when virtuous friends shall meet,  
Shall meet to part no more,  
And with celestial welcome, greet  
On an immortal shore.
- 2 The parent finds his long-lost child ;  
Brothers on brothers gaze ;  
The tear of resignation mild  
Is changed to joy and praise.
- 3 Each tender tie dissolv'd with pain,  
With endless bliss is crown'd ;  
All that was dead, revives again,  
All that was lost, is found.
- 4 And while remembrance, ling'ring still  
Draws joy from sorrowing hours ;  
New prospects rise, new pleasures fill  
The soul's expanded pow'rs.



- 5 Congenial minds arrayed in light,  
High thoughts shall interchange ;  
Nor cease with ever-new delight,  
On wings of love to range.
- 6 Their father marks their gen'rous flame,  
And looks complacent down ;  
The smile that owns their filial claim,  
Is their immortal crown.

287. L. M. SALISBURY COL.

*A funeral hymn.*

- 1 THE God of love will sure indulge  
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,  
When righteous persons fall around,  
When tender friends and kindred die.
- 2 Yet not one anxious, murm'ring thought  
Should with our mourning passions blend ;  
Nor should our bleeding hearts forget  
Th' almighty, ever-living Friend.
- 3 Does he not bid his children come  
Through death's dark shades, to realms of  
light ?  
And, when he calls them to their home,  
Shall fond survivors mourn their flight ?
- 4 Beneath a num'rous train of ills,  
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail ;  
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,  
O'er ev'ry gloomy fear prevail.
- 5 Parent, Protector, Guardian, Guide !  
Thou art each tender name in one ;  
On thee we cast our ev'ry care,  
And comfort seek from thee alone.

- 6 Our Father God ! to thee we look,  
Our rock, our portion, and our Friend !  
And on thy gracious love and truth,  
Our sinking souls shall still depend..

288. C. M.

*Comfort for bereaved parents.*

- 1 LET not those hearts with anguish torn,  
Which mourn o'er children dead !  
Exclaim in transports of despair,  
That all their hopes are fled.
- 2 While, cleaving to that darling dust,  
In fond distress ye lie,  
Rise, and with joy and rev'rence view  
A heavenly Parent nigh.
- 3 Though, your young branches torn away,  
Like wither'd trunks ye stand,  
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,  
Touch'd by th' Almighty hand.
- 4 Hope looks beyond the bounds of earth,  
When those you now deplore  
Shall rise in full immortal prime,  
And bloom to fade no more.
- 5 Then check, fond nature ! check thy grief ;  
Religion points on high ;  
Where everlasting spring appears,  
And joys that cannot die.

289. P. M. J. JERVIS.

*On recovering from disease.*

- 1 How vast is the tribute I owe  
Of gratitude, homage, and praise,

- To the giver of all I possess,  
The life and the length of my days !
- 2 When the sorrows I boded were come,  
I pour'd out my sighs and my tears ;  
And to him, who alone can relieve,  
My soul breath'd her vows and her pray'rs.
- 3 When my heart throb'd with pain and alarm,  
When paleness my cheek overspread,  
When sickness pervaded my frame ;  
Then my soul on my Maker was staid.
- 4 When death's awful image was nigh,  
And no mortal was able to save ;  
Thou didst brighten the valley of death,  
And illumine the gloom of the grave.
- 5 In mercy thy presence dispels  
The shades of calamity's night,  
And turns the sad scene of despair,  
To a morning of joy and delight.
- 6 Great source of my comforts restor'd !  
Thou healer and balm of my woes !  
Thou hope and desire of my soul !  
On thy mercy I'll ever repose.
- 7 How boundless the gratitude due  
To thee, O thou God of my praise !  
The fountain of all I possess,  
The life and the light of my days !
- 

290. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Family duties and blessings.* Gen. xviii. 19.

- 1 FATHER of men ! thy care we bless,  
Which crowns our families with peace :

- From thee they spring, and by thy hand,  
Their root and branches are sustain'd.
- 2 To thee, who condescends to dwell  
With saints in their obscurest cell,  
Be our domestic altars rais'd,  
And daily let thy name be prais'd.
- 3 To thee may each assembled house  
Present their night and morning vows ;  
Their servants and their rising race  
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.
- 4 With active mind, the social band  
Shall trace thro' all thy works, thy hand ;  
And to the precepts of thy law  
Submit, with filial trust and awe.
- 5 Then shall the charms of wedded love,  
Still more delightful blessings prove ;  
And parents' hearts shall overflow  
With joys that parents only know.
- 6 When nature droops, our aged eyes  
Shall see our children's children rise ;  
Till pleas'd and thankful we remove,  
And join the family above.

291. C. M.

*The religious instruction of children.*

- 1 O LORD, our fathers oft have told  
In our attentive ears,  
Thy wonders in their days perform'd,  
And in more ancient wars.

- 2 Grant us to make to others known,  
These works of pow'r and grace ;  
And we'll convey thy wonders down,  
Thro' ev'ry rising race.
- 3 Be ours the bliss as duty 'tis,  
To guide untutor'd youth ;  
And lead the minds too prone to stray,  
To virtue and to truth.
- 4 Let thy instructive, warning page,  
Their warmest thoughts employ ;  
And this, thro' all life's downward path,  
Will yield support and joy.
- 5 Thus surely arm'd, the world in vain  
Will perils round them spread ;  
And 'mid example's baneful snares,  
Their feet shall firmly tread.
- 6 Their ripening years thy patience waits,  
Nor let it wait in vain ;  
But form in them abundant fruit,  
And still this fruit maintain.

292. S. M. WATTS.

*Domestic peace and harmony.*

- 1 Lo, what a pleasing sight  
Are brethren that agree !  
How blest are all whose hearts unite  
In bands of piety !
- 2 From those celestial springs,  
Such streams of comfort flow,  
As no increase of riches brings,  
Nor honors can bestow.

- 3 All in their stations move,  
And each performs his part,  
In all the cares of life and love,  
With sympathizing heart :
- 4 Form'd for the purest joys,  
By one desire possess ;  
One aim the zeal of all employs,  
To make each other blest.
- 5 No bliss can equal theirs,  
Where such affection meet :  
While praise devout, and mingl'd prayr's,  
Make their communion sweet.
- 6 Thus on the heav'nly hills  
The saints are blest above ;  
Where joy like morning dew distils,  
And all the air is love.

293. L. M. WATTS.

*A psalm for a master of a family.*

- 1 O God ! be thou my dwelling near,  
And make thy servant wise ;  
And let me suffer nothing there,  
That shall offend thy eyes.
- 2 The man who doth his neighbour wrong,  
Or dares oppress the poor ;  
The scornful eye, the sland'rous tongue,  
Be distant from my door.
- 3 Still may I seek the good and just,  
And still their help enjoy :  
Such be the friends that I shall trust,  
The servants I employ.

- 4 While sin in others I reprove,  
Be ev'ry virtue mine ;  
And let the wisdom from above  
Through all my conduct shine.
- 5 Who shall the most in love abound,  
Our sole contention be ;  
So shall my house be ever found  
A dwelling dear to thee.

294. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Secret devotion.*

- 1 FATHER divine ! Thy piercing eye  
Shoots thro' the shades of night ;  
In deep retirement thou art nigh,  
With heart-discerning sight.
- 2 There shall that piercing eye survey  
My duteous homage paid,  
With ev'ry morning's dawning ray,  
And ev'ry ev'ning's shade.
- 3 I'll leave behind each earthly care ;  
To thee my soul shall soar ;  
While grateful praise and fervent pray'r  
Employ the silent hour.
- 4 So shall the visits of thy love  
My soul in secret bless ;  
So shalt thou deign, in worlds above,  
Thy suppliant to confess.

295. C. M. COTTON.

*Absence from social worship.*

- 1 Lo ! THE abundance of thy house,  
The rich refreshments there !

- To live an exile from thy courts,  
O'erwhelms me with despair.
- 2 In worship when I join'd thy saints,  
How sweetly pass'd my days !  
Pray'r my divine employment then,  
And all my pleasure praise,
- 3 But now I'm lost to ev'ry joy,  
Because detain'd from thee ;  
Those golden moments ne'er return,  
Or ne'er return to me.
- 4 Yet, O my soul ! why thus depress'd,  
And whence this anxious fear ?  
Let former kindness fix thy trust,  
And check the rising tear.
- 5 When darkness and when sorrows rose,  
And press'd on ev'ry side,  
Did not the Lord sustain thy steps,  
And was not God thy guide ?
- 

296. L. M. WATTS.

*A morning hymn.*

- 1 God of the morning ! at thy voice  
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,  
And like a giant doth rejoice  
To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east  
The circuit of his race begins ;  
And without weariness or rest,  
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.



- 3 Thus like the sun, may I fulfil  
Th' appointed duties of the day ;  
With ready mind and active will,  
March on and keep my heav'nly way.
- 4 Lord ! thy commands are clear and pure,  
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes ;  
Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure ;  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 5 Give me thy counsel for my guide,  
And then receive me to thy bliss :  
All my desires and hopes beside,  
Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

297. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

*A morning hymn.*

- 1 Do yet the wheels of time revolve,  
And bear this life along !  
With thanks I end the fleeting days,  
And hail them with a song.
- 2 To thee be my first off'rings giv'n,  
Whose sun creates my day ;  
Swift as his gladd'ning influence flies,  
And spotless as his ray.
- 4 What, Lord ! is man, when, lost in sleep,  
Sense and reflection dies ?  
And yet, from this defenceless state  
With new delight I rise.
- 4 This day thy fav'ring hand be near  
So oft vouchsaf'd before ;  
Still may it lead, protect, supply,  
And I that hand adore.

- 5 'Tis theirs alone such bliss to know,  
Who do their Father's will ;  
Resolve, my soul, and sin subdu'd,  
Defy each mortal ill.
- 6 This day, let ev'ry hour correct  
The follies of the past ;  
And such may all its actions be,  
As would adorn the last.

293. L. M. HAWKESWORTH.

*Morning hymn.*

- 1 WITH sleep's oblivion o'er me spread,  
I safely pass'd the silent night :  
Again I see the breaking shade,  
I drink again the morning light.
- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour ;  
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be ;  
My conscious soul resumes her pow'r,  
And springs, my guardian God ! to thee.
- 3 O guide me thro' the various maze  
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread ;  
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze  
Where dangers press around my head.
- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,  
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress ;  
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,  
Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall break away,  
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes :  
Thy light shall give eternal day ;  
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

299. 7s. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Meditations in the night season.*

- 1 WHAT tho' downy slumbers flee,  
Strangers to my couch and me ;  
While with God's protection blest,  
Cares and fears ne'er haunt my breast.
- 2 While the empress of the night  
Scatters mild her silver light ;  
While the vivid planets stray  
Various thro' their mystic way :
- 3 While the stars unnumber'd roll  
Round the ever-constant pole ;  
Far above these spangled skies,  
All my soul to God shall rise.
- 4 Midst the silence of the night  
Mingling with those angels bright,  
Whose harmonious voices raise  
Ceaseless love and ceaseless praise ;
- 5 Midst the throng his gentle ear  
Shall my grateful accents hear :  
From on high will he impart  
Secret comfort to my heart :
- 6 Lifting all my thoughts above  
On the wings of faith and love :  
Blest alternative to me,  
Thus to sleep, or wake with thee !

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300. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

*Spring.*

- 1 WHILE beauty clothes the fertile vale,  
And blossoms on the spray,

And fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale,  
How sweet the vernal day !

- 2 How kind the influence of the skies !  
Soft show'rs, with blessings fraught,  
Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise,  
And fix the roving thought.
- 3 ~~Q~~ Let my wond'ring heart confess,  
With gratitude and love,  
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless  
The garden, field, and grove.
- 4 That bounteous hand my thoughts adore,  
Beyond expression kind,  
Hath sweeter, nobler gifts in store,  
To bless the craving mind.
- 5 Inspir'd to praise, I then shall join  
Glad Nature's cheerful song ;  
And love and gratitude divine  
Attune my joyful tongue.

301. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

*Seed-time and harvest.*

- 1 THE rising morn, the closing day,  
Repeat thy praise with grateful voice ;  
Both in their turns thy pow'r display,  
And laden with thy gifts rejoice.
- 2 Earth's wide-extended, varying scenes,  
All smiling round, thy bounty show ;  
From seas or clouds, full magazines,  
Thy rich diffusive blessings flow.
- 3 Now earth receives the precious seed,  
Which thy indulgent hand prepares ;

And nourishes the future bread,  
And answers all the sower's cares.

- 4 Thy sweet refreshing show'rs attend,  
And through the ridges gently flow,  
Soft on the springing corn descend ;  
And thy kind blessing makes it grow.
- 5 Thy goodness crowns the circling year,  
Thy paths drop fatness all around ;  
Ev'n barren wilds thy praise declare,  
And echoing hills return the sound.
- 6 Here spreading flocks adorn the plain ;  
There, plenty ev'ry charm displays ;  
Thy bounty clothes each lovely scene,  
And joyful nature shouts thy praise.

302. L. M. MERRICK.

*The blessings of the year the gift of Providence.*

- 1 THE morn and eve thy praise resound,  
Lord ! as they walk th' ethereal round ;  
Thy visits teach the grateful soil  
To recompense the lab'rer's toil.
- 2 By unexhausted springs supply'd,  
The river pours its copious tide ;  
A thousand streams, in sportive play,  
Through the rich meadows wind their way.
- 3 The clouds, in frequent show'rs distill'd,  
Drop fatness on the fruitful field,  
Break the rough glebe, the furrows cheer,  
And crown with good, the smiling year.
- 4 The pastures of th' extended waste  
Thy gifts in rich profusion taste ;

The hills around exulting stand,  
And show the bounty of thy hand.

- 5 Cherish'd at length by lenient skies,  
Herbage and corn luxuriant rise :  
The laughing vale assumes a tongue,  
And bursts triumphant into song.

303. L. M.

*Autumnal hymn.*

- 1 GREAT God! at whose all-pow'rful call,  
At first arose this beauteous frame,  
By thee the seasons change, and all  
The changing seasons speak thy name.
- 2 Thy bounty bids the infant year,  
From winter storms recover'd, rise ;  
When thousand grateful scenes appear,  
Fresh op'ning to our wond'ring eyes.
- 3 O how delightful 'tis, to see  
The earth in vernal beauty drest !  
While in each herb, and flow'r, and tree,  
Thy bright perfections shine confest !
- 4 Aloft, full beaming, reigns the sun,  
And light and genial heat conveys ;  
And, while he leads the seasons on,  
From thee derives his quick'ning rays.
- 5 Around us, in the teeming field,  
Stands the rich grain, or purpled vine ;  
At thy command they rise, to yield  
The strength'ning bread, or cheering wine.

- 6 Indulgent God! from ev'ry part,  
Thy plenteous blessings largely flow;  
We see—we taste—let ev'ry heart  
With grateful love and duty glow.

304. C. M. MRS. CARTER.

*In a thunder-storm.*

- 1 LET coward guilt, with pallid fear,  
To shelt'ring caverns fly,  
And justly dread the vengeful fate  
That thunders thro' the sky.
- 2 Protected by that hand, whose law  
The threat'ning storms obey,  
Intrepid virtue smiles secure  
As in the blaze of day.
- 3 In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,  
The lightning's lurid glare,  
It views the same all-gracious Pow'r,  
That breathes the vernal air.
- 4 Thro' nature's ever-varying scene,  
By diff'rent ways pursu'd,  
The one eternal end of Heav'n,  
Is universal good.
- 5 With like beneficent effect  
O'er flaming ether glows,  
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,  
And blushes in the rose.
- 6 When through creation's vast expanse,  
The last dread thunders roll,  
Untune the concord of the spheres,  
And shake the guilty soul:

- 7 Unmov'd may we the final storm  
Of jarring worlds survey,  
That ushers in the tranquil morn  
Of life's eternal day.

305. L. M. EARLE.

*A winter reflection.*

- 1 THE man whose faith and hope are strong,  
And free from vexing cares his mind,  
As changing seasons pass along,  
Can in them all fresh pleasures find.
- 2 The man whose faculties are sound,  
His heart upright, and conscience clean,  
With tranquil mind can pass his round  
Of life, in ev'ry shifting scene.
- 3 Not only in his youthful prime,  
And while his pow'rs continue firm,  
But when he feels th' effect of time,  
And age prepares him for the worm :
- 4 Grateful for ev'ry blessing past,  
Patient in ev'ry present ill ;  
And on whatever ground he's plac'd,  
Hope does with pleasing prospects fill.
- 

306. P. M. DODDRIDGE.

*For new year's day.*

- 1 HOUSE of our God, with cheerful anthems  
ring,  
While all our lips and hearts his graces sing ;  
The op'ning year his bounties shall proclaim,  
And all its days be vocal with his name.



The Lord is good, his mercy never-ending,  
His blessings in perpetual show'rs descending.

2 Thou earth, enlighten'd by his rays divine,  
Pregnant with grass and corn and oil and  
wine ;

Crown'd with his goodness, let thy nations  
meet,

And lay their crowns at his paternal feet ;  
With grateful love, that lib'ral hand confessing,  
Which thro' each heart diffuseth ev'ry blessing.

3 His mercy never ends ; the dawn, the shade,  
Still 'see new beauties thro' new scenes display'd ;

Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,  
And children lean upon their fathers' God.

The soul of man, thro' its immense duration,  
Drinks from this source, immortal consolation.

4 Burst into praise, my soul ! all nature join ;  
Angels and men, in harmony combine :  
While human years are measur'd by the sun,  
And while eternity its course shall run,  
His goodness in perpetual show'rs descending,  
Exalt in songs and raptures never-ending.

307. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*God the dwelling place of his people through all generations. Psalm. xc. 1.*

1 Thou, Lord, thro' ev'ry changing scene,  
Hast to thy flock a refuge been ;  
Thro' ev'ry age, eternal God,  
Their pleasing home, and safe abode.

- 2 In thee our fathers sought their rest,  
And were with thy protection blest ;  
Lo, we are risen, a transient race,  
A while to fill their vacant place.
- 3 While travelling thro' life's varied road,  
We lean upon our fathers' God ;  
On thee our steadfast hopes recline,  
Nor own, nor ask, a help but thine.
- 4 Through all the thorny paths we trace,  
In this uncertain wilderness,  
Where friends desert, and foes invade,  
Revive our heart and guard our head.
- 5 Thus voices yet unform'd shall raise  
A grateful tribute to thy praise ;  
Our children learn their father's song,  
And theirs, the cheerful notes prolong.
- 6 Thou Parent of the human race,  
Thou fountain of exhaustless grace ;  
Thy mercy, ages past have known,  
And ages long to come shall own.

308. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The possibility of dying this year.*

- 1 God of our lives ! thy constant care  
With blessings crowns each op'ning year ;  
These lives, so frail, dost thou prolong,  
And wake anew our annual song.
- 2 What numbers in the little space,  
Have vacant left on earth their place,  
Since, from this day, the changing sun  
Through his last yearly course has run !

- 3 We yet survive ; but who can say,  
Or through the year, or month, or day,  
Secure from the attack of death,  
I will maintain this vital breath.
- 4 That breath is always in thine hand,  
And stays or goes at thy command ;  
We hold our lives from thee alone,  
Their limits all to us unknown.
- 5 To thy disposal we resign ;  
Let life while it but lasts be thine ;  
Then shall we smile, secure from fear,  
Though death should blast the opening year.

309. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Reflections on the waste of years.*

- 1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds  
Of the revolving year ;  
How swift the weeks complete their rounds !  
How short the months appear !
- 2 So fast eternity comes on,  
And that important day,  
When all that mortal life has done  
God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 These eyes so long in darkness veil'd,  
Must wake his face to see ;  
And ev'ry work and ev'ry thought,  
Must pass his scrutiny.
- 4 Yet like an idle tale we pass  
The swift advancing year ;  
And study artful ways t' increase  
The speed of its career.

- 5 Waken, O God! my trifling heart,  
Its great concern to see;  
That I may act the christian part,  
And give the year to thee.
- 6 Thus shall their course more grateful roll,  
If future years arise;  
Or this shall bear my peaceful soul,  
To joy that never dies.

310. L. M. MERRICK.

*The vanity and frailty of human life.*

- 1 OUR life advancing to its close,  
While scarce its earliest dawn it knows,  
Swift thro' an empty shade we run,  
And vanity and man are one.
- 2 How many ev'n in youth's gay flower,  
Brief pageants of the noon-tide hour,  
Have faded in their brightest bloom,  
The early tenants of the tomb!
- 2 O how thy chastisements impair  
The human form, however fair!  
How frail the strongest frame we see,  
When thou dost man to death decree!
- 4 As when the fretting moths consume  
The curious labour of the loom,  
The texture fails, the dyes decay,  
And all its lustre fades away.
- 5 God of my fathers! here, as they,  
I walk the pilgrim of a day,  
A transient guest--thy works admire,  
And instant to my home retire.

- 6 O Lord of life and seasons ! we'  
 Our sole reliance place on thee :  
 In thee we trust with holy fear,  
 And bless thee for the new-born year !

311. L. M. J. TAYLOR.

*Genesis, v. 27.*

- 1 Like shadows gliding o'er the plain,  
 Or clouds that roll successive on,  
 Man's busy generations pass,  
 And while we gaze, their forms are gone.
- 2 Vain was the boast of lengthen'd years ;  
 The patriarch's full maturity ;  
 'Twas but a larger drop to swell  
 The ocean of eternity.
- 3 " He liv'd,—he died ;" behold the sum,  
 The abstract of th' historian's page !  
 Alike, in God's all-seeing eye,  
 The infant's day, the patriarch's age.
- 4 O Father ! in whose mighty hand,  
 The boundless years and ages lie ;  
 Teach us thy boon of life to prize,  
 And use the moments as they fly :
- 5 To crowd the narrow span of life  
 With wise designs and virtuous deeds :  
 So shall we wake from death's dark night,  
 To share the glory that succeeds.

312. 7s. M. OLNEY HYMNS.

*Close of the year.*

- 1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun,  
 Hasted through the former year,

Many souls their race have run,  
Never more to meet us here !  
Finish'd is probation's day,  
They have now no cares below ;  
We a little longer stay ;  
But how little, none can know.

- 2 As the winged arrow flies  
Quick the destin'd mark to find ;  
As the lightning from the skies  
Darts, and leave no trace behind ;  
So our brief and transient days  
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;  
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;  
All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,  
Pardon of our sins renew ;  
Teach us by thy grace to live,  
With eternity in view.  
Bless thy word to young and old ;  
Grant us, Lord, thy peace and love ;  
And, when life's short tale is told,  
Take us to thy bliss above.

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313. L. M. DYER.

*For a Fast.*

- 1 GREAT framer of unnumber'd worlds,  
And whom unnumber'd worlds adore !  
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,  
While nature trembles at thy pow'r :
- 2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,  
That wakes the wind and lifts the sea ;

- And man, who moves the lord of earth,  
Acts but the part assign'd by thee.
- 3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,  
To thee we raise the humble cry ;  
Thine altar is the contrite heart,  
Thine incense a repentant sigh.
- 4 But if injustice grind the poor,  
Or av'rice stain the sordid hand ;  
Or stern ambition thirst for blood,  
Or rude oppression waste the land ;
- 5 The God, who hears the orphan's cry,  
The martyr's pray'r, and pris'ner's groan,  
Still list'ning to the poor oppress,  
Should spurn th' oppressor from his throne.
- 6 Yet tho' enormous crimes abound,  
Should but a generous sorrow rise ;  
And as new troubles threaten round  
Mid wasting wars, and angry skies :
- 7 Should in her sober hour, our land  
Confess thy hand, and bless the rod,  
Thou still wouldst love to be her friend,  
Who lov'd to own thee as her God."

## 314. L. M. AIKIN.

*For a time of war.*

- 1 WHILE sounds of war are heard around,  
And death and ruin strew the ground ;  
To thee we look, on thee we call,  
The parent and the lord of all !

- 2 Thou, who hast stamp'd on human kind  
The image of a heav'n-born mind,  
And in a father's wide embrace  
Hast cherish'd all the kindred race ;
- 3 O see, with what insatiate rage  
Thy sons their impious battles wage,  
How spreads destruction like a flood,  
And brothers shed a brothers' blood !
- 4 See guilty passions spring to birth,  
And deeds of hell deform the earth ;  
While righteousness and justice mourn,  
And love and pity droop forlorn.
- 5 Great God ! whose powerful hand can bind  
The raging waves, the furious wind,  
O bid the human tempest cease,  
And hush the madd'ning world to peace.
- 6 With rev'rence may each hostile land  
Hear and obey that high command,  
Thy son's blest errand from above,  
" My creatures, live in mutual love !"

315. L. M. EXETER COL.

*For a fast day.*

- 1 WHEN Abra'm, full of sacred awe,  
Before Jehovah stood,  
And, with an humble fervent pray'r,  
For guilty Sodom su'd :
- 2 With what success, what wondrous grace,  
Was his petition crown'd !  
The Lord would spare, if in the place  
Ten righteous men were found.



- 3 And could a single pious soul  
So rich a boon obtain ?  
Great God ! and shall a nation cry,  
And plead with thee in vain ?
- 4 Our country, guilty as she is,  
Her num'rous saints can boast ;  
See their united pray'rs ascend :  
And shall these pray'rs be lost ?
- 5 Are not the righteous dear to thee  
Now, as in ancient times ?  
Or does this sinful land exceed  
Gomorrah in her crimes ?
- 6 Still we are thine, we bear thy name,  
Here yet is thine abode :  
Long has thy presence blest our land;  
Forsake us not, O God !
- 7 O may our people, rulers, priests,  
Thy choicest blessings share :  
And know thee by that glorious name,  
" The God who heareth pray'r !"

316. S. M. JERVIS.

*The designs of providence in the changes and revolutions  
of the world.*

- 1 God to correct the world,  
In wrath is slow to rise :  
But comes at length in thunder cloth'd,  
And darkness veils the skies.
- 2 His banners, lifted high,  
The nation's God declare :  
And stain'd with blood, with terrors mark'd,  
Spread wonder and despair.

- 3 All earthly pomp and pride  
Are in his presence lost :  
Empires o'erturn'd, thrones, sceptres, crowns  
In wild confusion tost.
- 4 While war and woe prevail,  
And desolation wide :  
In God, the sov'reign lord of all,  
The righteous still confide.
- 5 Mysterious is the course  
Of his tremendous way :  
His path is in the trackless winds,  
And in the foaming sea.
- 6 Yet, tho' now wrapt in clouds,  
And from our view conceal'd :  
The righteous judge will soon appear,  
In majesty reveal'd !
- 7 He'll curb the lawless pow'r,  
The deadly wrath of man :  
And all the windings will unfold  
Of his own gracious plan.

317. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

*Praise for national peace.*

- 1 GREAT ruler of the earth and skies !  
A word of thine almighty breath  
Can sink the world or bid it rise :  
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.
- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,  
And rage and noise and tumult reign,  
And war resounds its dire alarms,  
And slaughter dyes the hostile plain :

- 3 Thy sov'reign eye looks calmly down,  
And marks their course and bounds their  
pow'r;  
Thy law the angry nations own,  
And noise and war are heard no more.
- 4 Then peace returns with balmy wing;  
Reviving commerce spreads her sails;  
The fields are green, and plenty sings  
Responsive o'er the hills and vales.
- 5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,  
All move subservient to thy will;  
Both peace and war await thy word,  
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.
- 6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,  
Thy kind protection still implore:  
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,  
Confess thy goodness, and adore!

318. L. M. KIPPIS.

*Thanksgiving for national prosperity.*

- 1 How rich thy gifts, almighty king!  
From thee our public blessings spring:  
Th' extended trade, the fruitful skies,  
The treasures liberty bestows,  
Th' eternal joys the gospel shows,  
All from thy boundless goodness rise.
- 2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store,  
Which pours from ev'ry foreign shore;  
Science and art their charms display;  
Religion teaches us to raise  
Our voices to our Maker's praise,  
As truth and conscience point the way.

- 3 With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,  
To God we raise united songs ;  
His pow'r and mercy we proclaim,  
His hand thro' ev'ry age shall own,  
Jehovah here has fix'd his throne,  
And triumph in his mighty name.
- 4 Long as the morn her course shall run,  
Or man behold the circling sun,  
O still may God amidst us reign ;  
Crown our just counsels with success,  
With peace and joy our borders bless,  
And all our sacred rights maintain.

319. L. M. WATTS.

*The blessing of civil society.*

- 1 Sovereign of all the realms on high !  
Ruler of all below !  
We subjects, to thy Majesty  
Our first obedience owe.
- 2 Our souls adore thy throne supreme,  
And bless thy providence,  
For magistrates of humbler name,  
Our glory and defence.
- 3 Kingdoms on firm foundation stand,  
While virtue finds reward ;  
And sinners perish from the land,  
By justice and the sword.
- 4 Where laws and liberties combine  
To make a people blest,  
There crowns with brightest lustre shine,  
And kings are honour'd best.

- 5 Let none thy rights, O God ! invade,  
Conscience is thine alone ;  
Be all his dues, to Cæsar paid,  
We'll give to thee thine own.

320. C. M.

*For the original settlement of our country.*

- 1 FATHER supreme of heaven and earth !  
Creative source of all !  
Whence infant nations spring to birth,  
And empires rise and fall ;
- 2 Thy throne above the circling spheres,  
Shall stand, though cent'ries roll ;  
Nor boundless space nor endless years,  
Can limit thy control !
- 3 To him from whom our blessings flow,  
Who all our wants supplies,  
This day the choral song and vow  
From grateful hearts shall rise !
- 4 'Twas he who led the pilgrim band  
Across the stormy sea ;  
'Twas He who stay'd the tyrant's hand,  
And set an empire free !
- 5 When shiv'ring on a strand unknown,  
In sickness and distress,  
Our Fathers look'd to God alone,  
To save, protect, and bless !
- 6 Be Thou our nation's strength and shield,  
In manhood, as in youth ;  
Thine arm for our protection wield,  
And guide us by thy truth !

## 321. 61. L. M. MERRICK.

*Prayer for national and universal blessings.*

- 1 O God, thy fav'ring ear incline,  
And bid thy face on Isr'el shine,  
That all thy gracious care may know,  
Where earth extends, or ocean flow,  
And, thankful, to their wond'ring eyes,  
Behold thy wish'd salvation rise.  
To thee, of life th' eternal spring,  
Invisible, all-potent King !  
One chorus let the nations raise,  
One shout of universal praise.
- 2 Ye distant realms ! your voice employ  
In songs of gratitude and joy ;  
Exult, each tribe ! exult, each land !  
Heav'n's mighty Lord, with equal hand,  
The balance holds, and earth's domain  
Shall own to latest age his reign.  
To thee, of life, &c.
- 3 So, warm'd by genial suns, the field  
With full increase its fruit shall yield,  
And God, thy God, O Isr'el ! shed  
His choicest blessings on thy head :  
God shall on us his blessings show'r,  
And man's whole race revere his pow'r.  
To thee, of life, &c.

## 322. C. M. WALKER.

*The virtuous love of country.*

- 1 PARENT of all, Omnipotent  
In heav'n and earth below !

- Thro' all creation's vast extent,  
Whose streams of goodness flow ;
- 2 Teach me to know from whence I rose,  
And unto what design'd ;  
Nor private aims may I propose,  
Since link'd with human kind.
- 3 But chief to hear my country's voice,  
May my best thoughts incline ;  
'Tis reason's law, 'tis virtue's choice.  
'Tis nature's call, and thine.
- 4 Me from fair freedom's sacred cause  
May nothing e'er divide ;  
Nor grandeur, gold, nor vain applause,  
Nor friendship false, misguide.
- 5 To duty, honour, virtue true,  
In all my country's weal,  
As I my public walk pursue ;  
May God his favour deal !

323. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The year crowned with goodness, Ps. lxxv. 11.  
For a new year, or annual Thanksgiving.*

- 1 ETERNAL source of ev'ry joy !  
Well may thy praise our lips employ ;  
While in thy temple we appear,  
Thy goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,  
Thy hand supports the steady pole :  
By thee the sun is taught to rise,  
And darkness when to veil the skies.

- 3 The flow'ry spring, at thy command,  
Embalms the air, and paints the land;  
The summer suns with vigour shine,  
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours  
Thro' all our coasts redundant stores;  
And winters, soften'd by thy care,  
No more a face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days  
Demand successive songs of praise;  
Still be the cheerful homage paid  
With morning light and ev'ning shade!
- 6 O may our more harmonious tongues  
In worlds unknown pursue the songs;  
And in those brighter courts adore,  
Where days and years revolve no more!



## FOR THE CLOSE OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

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### 1. 8 & 7s. M.

- 1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator,  
Praise be thine from ev'ry tongue;  
Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature,  
Join the universal song.
- 2 From ten thousand blessings given,  
For the hope of future joy;  
Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven,  
Sound JEHOVAH's praise on high.

### 2. L. M.

- 1 To God supreme, the ever blest,  
Be praise in thankful notes address;  
Such as the stars of morning sung,  
When earth was on its balance hung;
- 2 Such praise as from th' angelic choirs,  
And saints whom zeal like theirs inspires,  
In heav'n above and earth below,  
Still flows, and shall forever flow.

3. 8 & 7s. m.

- 1 LORD! dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Hope and comfort from above,  
Let us each thy peace possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration,  
For thy gospel's joyful sound;  
May the fruits of thy salvation,  
In our hearts and lives abound.

4. L. M.

- 1 Let the creator's homage rise  
From all that dwell below the skies;  
And be the Saviour's honours sung,  
Thro' ev'ry land, by every tongue.
- 2 Unceasing are thy mercies, Lord,  
Unchanging truth attends thy word,  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

5. 8 & 7s. m.

- 1 THANKS for mercies past receive;  
Pardon of our sins renew,  
Teach us henceforth how to live  
With eternity in view.
- 2 Bless thy word to old and young,  
Fill us with a Saviour's love,  
And e'er life's short race is run,  
Fit us for thy rest above.

## 6. 8 &amp; 7s. M.

- 1 LORD of nature ! source of light !  
In pity view the world below :  
Direct our erring footsteps right,  
Thro' these scenes of guilt and woe.
- 2 Grant thy spirit ! by thy kindness  
Let our errors be forgiven :  
Heal our sins, dispel our blindness ;  
Then conduct us safe to heaven.

## 7. L. M.

- 1 O THOU who dost our powers sustain,  
While at united praise we aim ;  
Grant us separate still to share,  
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.
- 2 Give us in thy beloved house,  
Again to pay our grateful vows ;  
Or if that joy no more be known,  
Give us to meet around thy throne.

## 8. 8 &amp; 7s. M.

- 1 GRACIOUS source of ev'ry blessing,  
Guard our breasts from anxious fears ;  
Let us each thy care possessing,  
Sink into the vale of years.
- 2 All our hopes on thee reclining,  
Peace, companion of our way :  
May our sun in smiles declining,  
Rise in everlasting day.

## **ANTHEM.**

**HOLY, Holy, Holy,  
Lord God Almighty !  
Thou to whom alone are  
All praise and glory due !**

**Holy, Holy, Holy,  
Lord God Almighty !  
Father everlasting !  
Righteous, just and true !**

**Bending down before thee,  
Lo ! thy sons adore thee,  
Hand and voice declaring  
Jehovah is thy name :  
Winds in tempests blowing,  
Waves o'er ocean flowing,  
To remotest regions  
Thy might and power proclaim.**

**In the heavens' expansion  
Thou hast fixed thy mansion,  
Clouds of endless glory  
Encompassing thy throne !  
Heard but in thy thunders !  
Seen but in thy wonders !  
Through eternal ages  
Thou art God alone !**

'Tis thy breath informs us,

'Tis thy spirit warms us,

If thy face be turned

We should cease to be !

Height nor depth oppose thee,

Trembling nature knows thee,

Through the vast creation

There is none but thee !

Holy, Holy, Holy,

Lord God Almighty !

Thou to whom alone are

All praise and glory due !

Holy, Holy, Holy,

Lord God Almighty !

Father everlasting !

Righteous, just and true !

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